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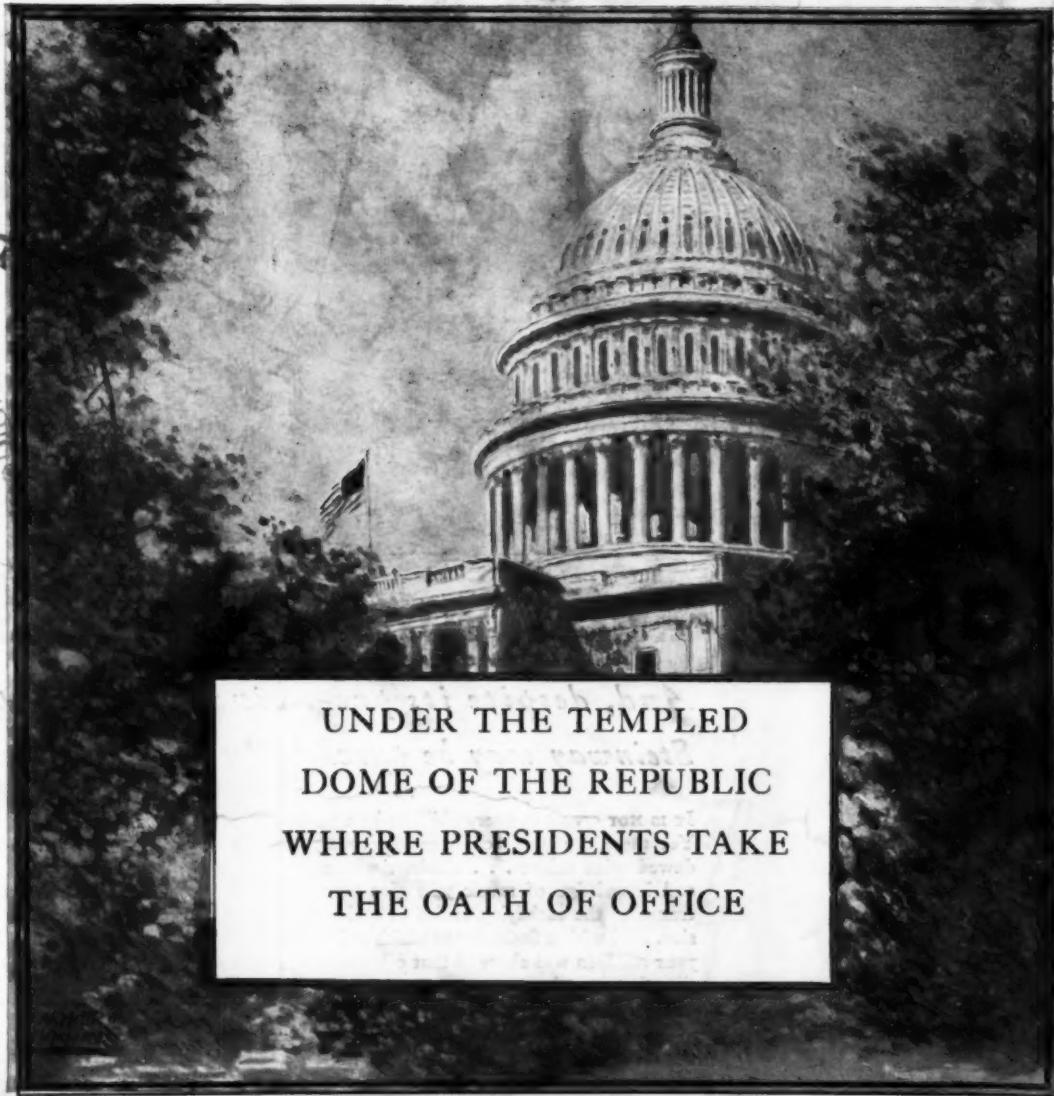
Joe Mitchell Chapple's

March 1933

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



ST. LOUIS
SPECIAL ROOM



UNDER THE TEMPLED
DOME OF THE REPUBLIC
WHERE PRESIDENTS TAKE
THE OATH OF OFFICE

CAN CONGRESS ALIENATE THE PHILIPPINES
THE BUG IN HIS BUTTER — Story
MADAME VEZZINI'S PEARLS — Mystery Story
A VISIT WITH THE POET LAUREATE

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON
CARIB QUEENS
HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS
ART AND BUSINESS — Allies or Not?

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Editor
Joe Mitchell Chapple

Associate Editor
George L. Keefe



Just Between Ourselves

THE most outstanding day in the month of March this year, is without a doubt, March 4th, the day on which Franklin Delano Roosevelt assumes the responsibilities of America's biggest job. In "Affairs at Washington", by Joe Mitchell Chapple, crisp comment on the coming inauguration is set forth, together with vivid pictures of events at the National capitol during the coming months.

* * * * *

In this issue, we present an unusual selection of stories, articles and special features. Lovers of literature will find a real feast in this number, for emphasis has been placed upon this phase of the contents.

"Madam Vezzini's Pearls" is a thrilling story of mystery and intrigue which never lets down until the last line. Creeping figures, stolen jewels, and dark rooms provide a perfect environment for the splendid plot of this exciting drama.

Another story, "The Bug in his Butter" is a direct contrast to the one above. The amusing situations in which a country doctor finds himself, when he masquerades as Buster Brown, will bring many hearty laughs to the reader.

In this issue is reviewed "Carib Queens," a new novel on Haiti, by Charles Waterman, editor, traveler, and author. The book is analyzed by Maitland LeRoy Osborne whose contributions to the *National Magazine* over a period of years have proven his ability as a literary critic.

"Can Congress Free the Philippines? Hon. Newton W. Gilbert, former vice-governor of the Philippines, brings to light many hitherto unknown facts concerning the conditions and situations which will arise if this desired freedom is granted.

On Masefield's recent visit to Boston, Lois Briel Fisher, author of "Kiss o' Hollow Hours," was granted a personal interview with the poet laureate. In her account of "A Visit with Masefield" she reveals the human side of this great poet.

George Faunce Whitcomb, America's foremost epigrammist, sheds a new and amusing light on the personality of the "Bad Boy of Baltimore".

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

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In 1929, when Herbert Hoover assumed the responsibilities of America's biggest job

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VOLUME LX

MARCH, 1933

New Series No. 9

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



HE eyes and the ears of the world are centered, direct or through the printed reports, on Washington, as the quadrennial inauguration day, March 4, rolls around. Every four years the president of the United States takes his oath of office on the steps of the stately capitol as the light of high noon moving swiftly past the meridian envelops the majestic dome in sunshine or the shadows of passing clouds, revealing the throng-filled capitol area.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, chosen as thirty-second president of the United States, had the official information of his election when the Electoral College, which has continued for one hundred and forty-four years, met for the twenty-sixth time on February 4, according to the Constitutional provision. With the lame duck amendment adopted, the time for this traditional body to foregather must be moved back in the calendar as the next inauguration of a president will occur January 20, 1937. Consequently 1933 witnesses the last March fourth made memorable by the ceremonies of having a President take his solemn oath of office on this day eventful in history.

Scenes in the capital city preceding the fourth of March this year recall times prior to the enactment of the Civil Service law. Following the arrival of Andrew Jackson at the White House, a change of the political complexion of an administration witnessed a mad rush of office-seekers, besieging the capital for months before and after the inauguration of the party president. Many were the tragic incidents of the hopeless ones hanging on to the point of starvation while the removals and changes were being made, hoping for some small crumb to fall from the table in the form of a political office that drew sustenance from Uncle Sam's payroll.

The setting for the 1933 inauguration is much the same as in previous years, except that the political complexion of visitors was changed from that of 12 years ago. The influx of anticipating Democrats this year was larger following up the tide that set in after election day and persistently followed the President-elect since the eventful night in November. The doings of the day followed by the extra editions of newspapers and the alert radio announcers developed since the day Harding took office will be known more in detail to the millions outside of Washington than any of 200,000 visitors milling about, craning their necks, unable to see or hear what is going on around them.

INTO the House Record of Congress was read and printed the "Last Will and Testament of a Lame Duck." It was written by Ruth Bryan Owen, the brilliant daughter of the late William Jennings Bryan who retires from Congress with the last lame duck Congress. Read at a dinner of the Women's Press Club, her women colleagues in the House and Mrs. Caraway, woman senator from Arkansas, insisted upon having it appear in the Congressional Record. The distinguished retiring congresswoman from Florida protested modestly that "such a procedure was not dignified" but she was overruled. In order to give the document real publicity and save it from oblivion it has been printed in the newspapers, viz:

To members in the coming session
We leave what's left of the depression
With fifty thousand tomes appended
Telling just how it can be ended.
To Congressmen who'll draw our salary
We leave all gunmen in the gallery
All Communists who march and fight
And threaten us with dynamite.
Those stalwart ones may have the onus
Of laying hands upon the bonus.
The currency—to them we hand it
To shirk, contract it, or expand it.
We'll let them exercise their talents
On making that thar' budget balance
And, pointing out, with no delaying
A tax the public don't mind paying.
To make this simple as can be
We leave to them Technocracy.
To them we're leaving the analysis
Of beer producing no paralysis.
To them we leave, with stifled sobs,
All persons who are seeking jobs.
Our pangs of exile 'twill assuage
To know we have no patronage.
While we roam that vast expanse
Where lame ducks seek their sustenance.
When happy days are here again
Please let us know just where and when.

WHEN Walter Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company, comes down to Washington from New York, there is no longer the suspicion that some octopus lobby project is afloat. Few business men have given more efficient and devoted service to public affairs than this modest young executive. The people are beginning to understand that everyone is in the same



Walter Teagle
President of the Standard Oil Company

boat these times. The corporations once scorned as the horned demons have proven a real reserve in times of depression in company payrolls and helped to stabilize business. Mr. Teagle's work on various commissions to which he was appointed by the President has reflected the changed attitude of corporations towards customers as well as employees. The long view is now taken, and the realization that good times can only come when the purchasing power of the people is restored produces a new community of interest.

HERE is a paganism rampant that suggests the corruption of Rome in the days of the Caesars. Modern materialism has developed this age-old contest between paganism and Christianity. When we see a motion picture like Cecil de Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" we are impressed that there is something more than economic and physical needs to supply the fires of happy homes. The vandals of avarice and Bolshevism are feeding Christian ideals to the wolves of want instead of human beings to the lions in the Arena.

The idealist or dreamer still suffers from want and persecution. Colleges have to be endowed, all good things have to be supported as objects of charity while the baser and material activities seem to thrive with crime. Old Nero is personified in the cry of the mob rule. The chorus sounds like the Romans crying for the blood of Christian mortals to appease their own conviction of crime.

"LET there be light" is a slogan of the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce. The country will soon be girdled with beacon lights. Already a total of 701 of the airports are fully or partially lighted for night use. On the first of the year there were 549 municipal, 621 commercial, 352 intermediate, 476 auxiliary, 51 army, 15 navy, and 53 miscellaneous Government, private and State airports and landing fields. California leads all other states in the number of airports and landing fields, having a total of 175, while

Texas was second with 158. Pennsylvania with 110 occupied third place. California, aside from having the largest total, also had the largest number of municipal airports, 53. Pennsylvania led in number of commercial airports with 66. Alaska had the largest number of auxiliary fields, 68. The last report records 2,117 airports and landing fields in the United States, an increase of eighty in the last six months.

* * * * *

ON one of his visits to this country, I chanced to meet the late John Galsworthy. A modest, dreamy-eyed man, he was interested in what he saw at Washington. It was at a time when his play "Justice" was striking fire and provoking discussion among those engaged in political activities. He was gathering some notes for an American novel, but said if that were undertaken, it would require a residence of several years in this country to make an accurate survey of American characteristics. The author who created the *Saga of the Forsytes* and established a new high standard of modern novels, began life as a lawyer. To the last, this illustrious winner of the Nobel prize in 1932 gathered his material through the painstaking methods of obtaining evidence to present a case in court. Forsooth, to him the reader was the court of last resort. Although a voluminous writer, he never dictated, but wrote out every line by hand, relentlessly changing words and rewriting page after page until he obtained a perfection in diction and description that has been equalled by no other modern author. It was indeed a blow to contemporaneous literature when John Galsworthy's busy pen was laid aside as "finis" was written on the last page he wrote and the curtain drawn on his notable career in the flesh.

* * * * *

AMONG the distinguished visitors expected in Washington during the Roosevelt administration is George Bernard Shaw. He is now on a trip around the world and will wind up in America, and, like a true Briton, will see Niagara Falls and the dome of the Capitol and proceed to write his comments on America. Already he has threatened to outdo Dickens in his American notes and will use his trenchant pen in discussing the American girl, for Bernard Shaw has a complex about women. In his plays he usually regards them as the villains of the



Ruth Bryan Owen
whose "Last Will and Testament of a Lame Duck" was given widespread publicity

piece, dangerous, and not to be trusted. He bases his sex philosophy on the premise that man and woman are constantly and eternally opposed to each other in what he calls the duel of sex. Women he usually maintains have proved the superior and stronger sex since the days of Eve as the huntress, the pursuer, the contriver, and man the poor victim, pursued, caught and disposed of. This would indicate that the American girl had better beware—when Bernard Shaw arrives and plays the role of a matinee idol in the literary circles where his name has become a fetish with some, and himself has already become the hero of an American biographer.

* * * * *

THE dastardly attempt on the life of President-elect Roosevelt at Miami has aroused a feeling in Washington that something must be done at once to rid the country of the foreign anarchists and communists inspired by the example of Russia to attack presidents and those in authority and the country that is harboring them. The time is coming for a clean-up or the old vigilant spirit of the frontier west will prevail over the country. The time has come when all citizens realize that an attack upon the President is an attack upon themselves and some drastic measures will be taken at once to clean up these nests of communism that have been fostering a treasonable spirit and may become a festering canker if not removed. The sympathy of the country goes out to Mayor Cermak of Chicago who was struck by a stray bullet aimed at Roosevelt. With the true spirit of a courageous American, Franklin D. Roosevelt is meeting his responsibilities in a fearless way that betokens the stern

stuff of his kinsman and predecessor, the indomitable Theodore Roosevelt.

* * * * *

FOR many years Ignace Paderewski has had an enthusiastic following in America among the lovers of music as a composer and the world's most famous pianist. On his recent visit to Washington, he was regarded as having a rightful claim to the distinctions of statesmanship. Can we ever forget the work he did in this country during the war for his beloved Poland, and the splendid way in which he conducted affairs for his native land in the peace negotiations at Paris? Serving as premier in



President Herbert Hoover who hands over the reins of office to Franklin D. Roosevelt



Ignace Paderewski
Poland's first Premier and world's premier pianist

those formative days, Paderewski may well be called the Father of modern Poland. There is now talk of his being called to the presidency as a successor of Moscicki. When interviewed on the subject Mr. Paderewski maintained the discreet but earnest silence that reflected the real patriot. Expectations are that if added tension results with Germany, Marshal Joseph Pilsudski, Poland's constitutional dictator, will favor the return of the pianist-statesman. The fame of Paderewski is indissolubly associated with the Steinway, the Instrument of the Immortals.

* * * * *

DURING the World War and all through the Wilson administration, Mr. Bernard Baruch was a familiar figure in Washington. He threw himself into the breach and with all his energy pursued and studied the problems of the times. In 1916 he was a member of the Advisory Council of National Defense and chairman of the Committee on Raw Material for the War Industries Board. Ever since that time he has made many public addresses on agricultural and economic subjects. A close friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt during the war days, the personal contact has continued since that time. He was called to many responsibilities by Presidents Hoover and Coolidge. As the principal donor of fund for the Institute of Politics carried on every summer at Williams College, he evidenced his breadth of view on international affairs. His early experience as member of the New York Stock Exchange and activities in railroad matters have given him a grasp of present conditions that is felt will be a valuable help in an advisory way to the incoming administration. His recent analysis of the situation given out in Washington attracted widespread attention in foreshadowing conditions that must result if a close study of all collateral problems is of any avail in forecasting the future.

IN the debut of Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico as administration advisor, the appointment of Walter Q. Gresham of Secretary of State in Cleveland's cabinet is recalled. Mr. Gresham was registered as a Republican and led in the Mugwump revolt that elected a Democratic president. For his support he was chosen Secretary of State. Mr. Gresham was a candidate for President and his defeat embittered him against the Republican party. Mr. Roosevelt had the support of a group of insurgent Republicans in the 1932 campaign and naturally they will expect to have a part to play in the affairs of the new administration. While Senator Cutting represents New Mexico in the Senate, he is a native of New York State and a graduate of Harvard, and moved to New Mexico in 1910. He served for a time in the diplomatic service and was decorated with the British Military Cross. A scion of an old and wealthy family, he has been able to maintain an independence in his political activities that has had an influence far beyond the boundaries of the state he represents. Reports were current that he had decided to decline a cabinet appointment in the Roosevelt-cabinet and not follow in the footsteps of Gresham.

* * * * *

CABINET-MAKING a vocation in common with Presidents. Like Woodrow Wilson, his immediate Democratic predecessor, Franklin D. Roosevelt deferred the announcement of the members of his official family until the last possible moment. This met the exigencies that come with new administrations, accompanied by lively anticipation of those seeking a portion of the presidential patronage. Naturally, the newspaper reports have formed several cabinets for him based on rumors—some right—but most wrong. Comment has already been made by the press that no president has ever been made by a cabinet, but that many have been unmade in an unfortunate advisors. The list for 1933 contained some surprises, noting the disregard of geographical location, but there was no delay in a speedy confirmation by the Senate in order to set the executive wheels of the administration in motion.

* * * * *

EVEN the passing of Calvin Coolidge into the Great Beyond, January 5, 1933, was marked with the quiet simplicity of his public career. From "the blossom of health

into the paleness of death" to quote lines from Lincoln's favorite poem. Profoundly and deeply mourned by his countrymen, his funeral characterized the modest man, who retired from the Presidency with a measure of popularity seldom accorded a chief executive leaving the White House. He was tired, worn out by the man killing tasks, but continued on with a full measure of public service whenever Duty called, as a private citizen. He wrote Mr. Clark, his old private secretary, a few weeks before his demise saying that he felt his work was done. The eminent son of Vermont rests in the country cemetery at Plymouth, among the green hills of his native state, and his memory will ever be revered as a beloved and able president and faithful public servant in every duty he was called to perform.

He wrote a personal letter to the editor of the "National Magazine" concerning an article sent him, after he was sworn in as vice-president, referring to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, where he was first named as a candidate for the presidency.

My Dear Joe Chapple

"It is very fine of you to think of an article on me in your magazine. I have read so much praise of myself that I am a little tired of it. If you are to print the article I wish to urge you to make the changes that I have indicated in behalf of the truth. It is an unrecorded fact that I had 40 votes on the first ballot. It was reported as 35 and my friends knowing some were to leave on the second ballot let it stand at 35.

"It was most kind of you and Mrs. Chapple to send us a box of real Massachusetts candy to us. Mrs. Coolidge is always a refuge when all else fails. Yours,

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

On to the last continued the tender and loving comradeship with this gracious and loving wife who was indeed always "a refuge when all else failed."

The hearts of the world go out to her in these dark hours of loneliness and bereavement for her beloved who now sleeps in the green hills of his native Vermont.

On the dial of Time I find the hands of 1933 pushing steadily on with the lengthening days, toward other seasons of sowing and reaping.

As our newest president is about to enter office we cannot help but reflect sadly upon the passing of Calvin Coolidge.



The President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Affairs and Folks

A Few Pages of Gossip About People of Interest and Some Brief Comment Regarding Places and Events

"The Bad Boy of Baltimore"

By GEORGE FAUNCE WHITCOMB

THERE have been written and spoken so many volumes of censure and praise anent the "Bad Boy of Baltimore" during the last decade that it seems highly fitting and proper that a spotlight—indeed that very spotlight which, with all his flare for publicity he has thus far assiduously and successfully avoided the spotlight of innocence, be now condescendingly focused upon him. Especially since the effective leveller "Hymen" has enshrouded him with his transparent cloak of quiescence, in an effort to nullify by contradiction whatever errant hope the apostle of Nietzsche might have once entertained as to literary longevity.

Existing in these vainglorified United States are thousands upon thousands of Rotarians, professional snoopers, clergymen and other figurative plow pushers who seriously consider the jocund editor of the American Mercury an arch-destroyer of faith, a traducer of patriotism, a scoffer of honest labor and a seducer of the virtues, when extant, of the adolescent craniums of University sophomores. Such is most fortunately not the case, nor even indicative of its being, for when all is said and done, the much touted critic of *Modus Americanus* lacks sufficient power to destroy a poor opinion of himself written over his own signature. Yet, strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, whenever this particular quill manipulator launches an attack upon any of the above enumerated smugsters in their favorite retreat, he invariably makes them froth at the mouth, and wax highly vituperative against not only the onslaught *per se*, but against the corporeal person of the emitter. A truly amazing, and yet amusedly pathetic situation to watch in such recurrent regularity. In fact persons so attacked become so infuriated as to straightway forget whatever argument of sound refutation, or indisputable logic they have once possessed, and simply break forth in the heat of grammar school *Phillippies* in retort.

Consequently this charming pseudo-iconoclast with the bulging waistline has them at his smiling mercy, and collects from his publishers; more power to him.

But on the other hand take a scrutinizing glance at the stuff of which the targets of the great "I" type maker are made—enough bona fide excelsior to pad all the mattresses in Sierra Leone, with some left over for Liberia. But, of course, H. L. knows this, for he has previously sized up his adver-

saries, and realizes only too well that if when one treads upon a man's pet corn, the man utters nothing but frightful oaths he possesses not sufficient intelligence to consult a good chiropodist. In such wise this flaming critic of our modern vacillations gains a noisome victory, sits back leisurely and happily lights a gift cigar from his sophomoric satellites at Harvard.

Nevertheless, he carries on year after year, building up so vast a multitude of mentally stunted opponents, that his popularity as a destroyer is by very simple arithmetical computation bound to become talked about. However, he must realize that these tactics will avail him little praise in the long scroll of the worth while, save as a sop to his melodramatic egotism.

There are any number of type pounders now extant who could write better stuff along the same line, but have fortunately gleamed from his results the advisability of refraining. So they leave him alone because he seems to glory in his rough shapen trough.

It appears quite patent that the beer lover of Hollins Street is a bit sorry of late years that he has wasted so much time infuriating dwellers of the hinterland and officials of the Saturday Evening Post, when he could have harnessed his peculiar erudition to a lastingly important critical straight eight, instead of spanking the weary cylinders of Model T mental engines.

I NASMUCH as this really delightful purveyor of broadsides possesses a certain satirical insight into the vagaries of so-called human nature, it is a pity that he could not have halted a moment in his cerebral gyrations and focused upon himself this same searching beacon of truth, instead of allowing his increasing income to hoodwink him into the belief that he will ever be taken seriously by any one of any intellectual achievement to batter down the world.

His "outclawings" in themselves are very entertaining—far more so than the current batch of puerile self styled humorous magazines—yet of late there is apparent a note of sadness in his writing. A sadness akin almost to pity; pity that a man possessed of so many rudiments of real intellectual advancement; a rather ingratiating style of transcription; a positive yearning to eventually formulate just one non-synthetic gem of critical brilliance, together with the proper amount of conceit as impetus for such an undertaking, pity, be it repeated, that such a man could not have been guided differently in his earlier years. So guided that his approaching maturity of style and substance might have placed him with just acclaim in the leading role of

the world's critical drama, instead of his present status as head usher at a localized intelligentsia burlesque.

And so friends, rumuns, and countrymen, do not throw hand grenades at the abbreviated proboscis of our well intentioned literary entrepreneur, nor yet again heap upon him undue adulatory praise—rather be charitable and accept him, and surprise him pleasantly by so doing, for just what he really is, a facile-penned critic who is having a lot of fun in his own harmless, and amazing way, and receiving the very handy, usable remuneration so readily dispensed by the coffers of the "Sign of the Boryoi"; certainly a position not in the least unenviable in our present national financial maelstrom.

May Hymen wave the wand of felicity and tolerance over his head, and empty casks of gold upon his lap, if he still has one.

A Trip By Greyhound Bus

A TOUR by motor bus provides a new thrill for the particular these times. At the New York terminal I hustled about with people from all parts of the country. They were planning "motor trips" to all points of the compass, including a roundtrip to the Pacific Coast. It was a clearing center for energetic travelers out to see the country—and save money to go further on toward the ever-receding horizon.

Drivers in natty gray were there, who had had top honors in a nation-wide safety contest, having recently captured eight out of the twelve prizes. They had something of the cheery ways of the old stage drivers sitting proudly at his post and cracking his whip.

Stowed away in one of the buses that suggested a Pullman on tires, the passengers seemed to feel that they were all out for a real joyride. The driver was a fat young man and his jolly remarks soon had everyone good-natured.

It was a late afternoon trip to Boston, and as the shadows gathered, passengers in the front seats began to sing and before we reached Stamford everyone seemed acquainted. The oldtime familiar "twenty minutes for lunch" was shouted by the merry Jehu driver, and all the passengers bounded out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The meal at the Mohican Hotel at New London was self-served. This is the hotel built by the late Frank A. Munsey when he had dreams of establishing his

great publishing plant in that city.

Points of interest were commented on by the driver. His tales were interwoven with humorous comments concerning himself, for all the world seems to like to see a fat man enjoy a joke on himself. Comments upon some of the romances that occur in the night buses, tearful farewells and sympathy for the one to make the lonely trip, was followed speedily by coy glances at new acquaintances.

Strangely enough, the two hundred mile trip did not seem to tire. With other passengers I was kept busy looking forward, following the road ahead—always something new. The gay driver dashed by the front lawns instead of the back yards seen from the railroads.

COOL breezes from the Sound were refreshing on that hot summer night as we swung along to Mystic and Westerly, and on to Providence, located in the Rhode Island plantation to which Roger Williams first toured on foot on his excursions for Puritan land.

The speed limit in the various states was rigidly observed and there was a relief when the driver passed the boundary of Rhode Island into the more liberal speed limits of Massachusetts and bowled along at a more lively pace into Boston along roads not far from those traveled by the Pilgrim Fathers three centuries ago.

During the journey every second of the time engaged the eye, (when not napping)—and some ears, were busy, while the mind relaxed in enjoyment of the beautiful scenery along this picturesque route.

Watching the details of preparing a bus for its trip is an object lesson to every automobile owner. The standard garage layout is a distinct Greyhound innovation. The headquarters of the Company are located in Cleveland, but the organization seems to have management where the individuality of the employees is given full play for developing judgment in giving the best service to patrons. Who could conceive of a railroad brakeman or conductor establishing the personal acquaintance between the passenger that is privileged the bus driver? They seem to enjoy their work and assume the fascinating dignity of a commander of a ship. This return to individuality may be one of the reasons why travel by bus has become so popular with the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us. It gives one the feeling that he has his own limousine, touring the country with a uniformed chauffeur, with all the irritating details of a private tour, such as flat tires, looking up garages and eating places, eliminated. One just sits back in a restful seat and enjoys "seeing the country first."

THERE is something in the name Greyhound, that typify speed and the exhilaration of the chase. Travelers on buses are essentially hunting for new impressions and new scenes to put in the album of happy memories.

Time tables and schedules of the bus lines in the United States are an interesting study. They provide an elastic choice of routes adapted to the changes of population and points of interest. Many a town

and village off the railroad has had a real awakening because of the honking horn of the flying Greyhound buses that continue their explanations, and establish communication with points of interest that attract the tourists and serve the alert "moving about" impulse of the American people.

The Real Dorothy Dix

HERE was excitement in the hotel lobby. It seemed as if there had been the unannounced arrival of some royal or notable person, as I observed the excited and enthusiastic gestures of young women in a tourist party. "There she is!" they whispered, one to another. "You ask her!" was another chorused remark. When I made inquiries, I found that the eminent

nom de plume Dorothy Dix began "talks" which have made her name famous the world over. Many thousands of letters she read and answered *en bloc* in her articles. As the confidante of thousands of young people who have poured out their problems to her, she has done much to advise them as to the moorings of fixed and unalterable principles that inevitably lead on to happiness. There are older people, too, who have been saved from the shoals of domestic cross-currents by the indefatigable and sympathetic Dorothy Dix, who still lives in Dixie in a charming New Orleans home.

What of Japan?

AN onlooking and ever suspicious world is puzzled and shocked to find that Japan, in a time of supposed peace, is planning the biggest expenditure for military purposes in her history. In fact she is appropriating about twice as much for her army, navy and air forces as last year.

Friends of the Japanese people, and especially the financial interests, are in great fear that Japan is headed for a collapse such as Germany suffered after the war. The value of the yen has dropped from about 50 cents to around 20 cents.

It is evident that the military element are in full charge in Japan. The budget is a long way from being balanced and the government will have to greatly increase its borrowings. It is reported that Japan is hoping that France will help her out financially—and this at a time when France claims she hasn't enough money to pay her war debts to the United States.

Of course the main increase in Japan's expenses is on account of the troubles in Manchuria, which continue on a large scale and which are far from settled. There is some talk that Japan and China may get to fighting. Anyway Japan seems bent on being prepared to assert herself in whatever direction it may become necessary.

The Japanese are embarking on a policy of development in Manchuria very similar to the "pioneer" days in the United States. Groups of soldier-farmers are being sent from Japan to settle in the Manchurian territory. These men will leave their women folks behind until it is known to be safe for them. They will be fully prepared to fight bandits or others and to resist the severe climate.



"Dorothy Dix," the famous feature writer in private life is Elizabeth M. Gilmer

"guest" and queenly personage who arrived was "Dorothy Dix", a national institution, a counsel as to the ways and wiles of their love affairs. In private life "D. D." is Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer. She was born in Tennessee and started her literary career by reading Shakespeare, Scott and Dickens. When she was confronted with the problem of earning a living, she felt that the best thing she could do was write. She sold her first story after writing many, for three dollars. It was published in the New Orleans *Picayune*. Then under the

Wings For Man

Who knows but that some day man will take to wings like birds. Two Frenchmen, Dr. Magnan of the College of France and Dr. Sainte-Lague of the Conservatory of Crafts and Trades, have evolved a new theory on wings for man. Their research work has convinced them that the day will come when man will be able to fly on wings of his own make and flapped by his own power.



“Holiday Moods

PEERING at me from the hundreds of new books on my review table is an impressive volume with a delightful red cover and the magic words “Holiday Moods of the Year” which tempts my eye with its live and happy appearance, and then the author’s name, Joe Mitchell Chapple, the genial Editor of Readers’ Rapid Review and the author of “Vivid Spain”, and “To Bagdad and Back”, etc. This name conjures up memories, happy memories of the countless moments of keen enjoyment I have had listening to this author-traveller’s voice on the radio, where I first knew him as the raconteur of that intensely interesting and informative series of radio chats called “Face to Face with the Presidents” of a few years back. From then to this day his voice with its easy full-throated resonance has given hundreds of listeners much to be interested in, much to remember and much to thank him for.

Mr. Chapple’s homely philosophy and sense of sentimental values have endeared him to hundreds of thousands through his famous “Heart Throbs” series. To learn what new thoughtful confection he is presently bringing to his loyal public bade me put aside my dutiful reviewing of the mass of so-called popular books piled in front of me, and delve into the contents of his “Holiday Moods of the Year”—a very happy title if ever there was one. And happy too the brief biographical outline of Mr. Chapple which a well known popular poet has written for the preface. Yes, it puts one in the right mood, the title, the preface and now for the surprise of the inside.

Each one of the two hundred and twenty-four pages of this charming and nicely bound volume bears the unmistakable and heart warming imprint of the author whose pen has cheered thousands.

BEGINNING with a stirring tribute to Abraham Lincoln in which Mr. Chapple gives a glimpse of the great emancipator in a new and entertaining fashion, and ending with the final chapter devoted to the Father of our Country, where Washington is depicted as a man whose human heart was never properly appreciated, Mr. Chapple has packed into the limited space allotted to him all the worth while attributes of each of our legal and national holidays



*Joe Mitchell Chapple
“Pilgrim of the Air”*

Mr. Chapple in Silhouette

*Excerpts from
“Holiday Moods of the Year”*

AS one of the many enthusiastic members of Joe Mitchell Chapple’s vast radio audience, I feel that a brief biographical outline of the interesting and varied life experiences of this globe trotting editor and speaker would be welcomed by many of his admirers.

In his famous “Attic” at Upham’s Corner, Boston, where have foregathered innumerable of the great and near great, from members of the president’s cabinet, to members of the House of Lords, authors, artists, and actors of renown, “Mr. Joe,” as he is affectionately known to his intimates, presides over his souvenirs and library of autographed books.

Such surroundings are indeed provocative of widespread mental activity. It is no wise strange that Mr. Chapple was able to publish a book which later became, and still is, one of the outstanding contributions to the English speaking language, a book whose contents were contributed by thousands of Americans from all walks of life — the book is “Heart Throbs”.

So popular did this famous book make the editor that people began clamoring for his services as a speaker. They came first out of curiosity but remained to applaud and appreciate.

As editor and publisher of *The National Magazine*, Joe Mitchell Chapple has come into contact with more famous men than any man of his experience. Mr. Joe has recently had marked success with what he terms his “baby venture,” the *Reader’s Rapid Review*, a monthly magazine rapidly gaining popular favor.

NIXON WATERMAN
Author of “A Rose to the living”
and other poems

of the Year”

and has as well interpolated many days upon which our citizenry could well pause to give thought to the blessings our country offers us, even in these very trying times.

Happily there is no suggestion of preaching in any of these radio chats here gathered, for such they really are, and as such have already been delivered over the big NBC networks, there is simply the presentation of a reality too often lost sight of in this generation, the reality of one’s duty to one’s fellow man—the helping hand, the cheery phone call, the personal talk to aid some one less fortunate than oneself.

All these talks are embellished with delightful personal sidelights on the personalities of the great and the near great, the majority of whom Mr. Chapple has known and talked with in his peregrinations all over the globe.

Should any one be desirous of staging a holiday program as on the fourth of July for instance, he will find in “Holiday Moods of the Year” a never-ending source of accurate historical and anecdotal material with which to put a gala day over with a “bang.”

THIS little volume certainly ought to find its ingratiating way into the homes and the minds of thousands of Mr. Chapple’s radio friends and hundreds of new friends—what a delight awaits them to discover him for the first time—and I for one say that it is worth more than the price of a dozen of his hard boiled contemporaries’ literary output. There is something in this author which is at once pleasingly expansive, informative and leaves one with the delightful impression of having an intimate personal chat with Mr. Chapple.

Instead of the usual reviewer’s technique of presenting quotations from the many high spots in the book under consideration, I feel sure that a reading of the foreword to “Holiday Moods of the Year” written by John Lester Clark, program director of NBC in Boston and a man decidedly in the know relative to radio merits, as well as the biographical preface by Nixon Waterman, author of “A Rose to the Living” and other poems, will do much to assure the reading public that here is a volume of lasting interest. G.F.W.

“Dick Whittington”

A New Musical Play by Mrs. Larz Anderson is Greeted With Much Applause at Boston Opera House

by THE EDITOR

WHENEVER I hear a big bell ringing in the distance I am likely to think of the inspiring story of Dick Whittington. The tale of “Bow Bells” that called an embryo Lord Mayor of London has spurred many a youth to fulfil a life ambition.

It is fortunate that the present generation should find inspiration renewed by Isabel Anderson in a book of the text of her new musical extravaganza with the magic title of “Dick Whittington.” The book of itself would be counted another achievement for Mrs. Anderson as an author, but to have this winsome, thoroughly modernized romance of charming music and drastic form is certainly adding glory to the fame of Dick Whittington.

There is no more interesting figure in Society today than Mrs. Larz Anderson. Author, playwright, wife of an internationally-known diplomat, she has forged an enviable reputation for herself in countless paths of endeavor. Last year her “Marina,” produced at the Colonial Theatre in Boston, was one of the social and literary highlights of the season. Now her latest work, “Dick Whittington” has been published in this extraordinary beautiful edition.

Ever since the original Dick Whittington, a poor country boy, became the great Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, his meteoric career has been part of the folk-heritage of the Anglo-Saxon world. Wherever English is spoken Dick’s tale has been told and sung, and the years have only added to the glamour of his wonderful good fortune. The traditional story has it that the Whittington fortune was founded on the fabulous price brought by Dick’s cat in a Levantine market, Dick having sent his precious mascot to the Mediterranean on his master’s trading vessel. Other variations of the theme are to be found, but in every case the cat plays an important part in the drama and, likewise in every case the Bow Bells of London forecast to the dreaming youth the day when he will become Lord Mayor of the City.

The present version of the tale is an amusingly elaborate one, especially diverting in its intricacies. The experiences of Dick, the lovely Alice Fitzwarren, and their companions on an hilarious trading expedition to Morocco, are woven into a sparkling comedy of love and madcap adventure, crowned by Dick’s romantic betrothal to Alice, and his spectacular elevation to the knighthood.

Mrs. Larz Anderson has been before the literary public ever since her first works, children’s plays and stories, appeared. Since then her many travel books and plays have made her name known and loved to the reading and theatre-going public. Her latest travel book, “In Eastern Seas,” describes a visit to Insulinde and the Golden Chersonese—India, Ceylon, Malaya, Sumatra, Java, Siam, and Borneo.

As in “Marina,” the music to “Dick Whittington” is by Grace Warner Gulesian (Mrs. M. H. Gulesian), well known as one of the foremost women composers in America. She has written numerous popular songs; who has not at some time or other heard her “The House by the Side of the Road,” repeatedly played at concerts and over the radio.

And so you see—“Dick Whittington” had no lack of talent to assure its success. The director of the production, Mr. Pierre de Reeder who also wrote the lyrics, has had a career of hits, having been director of such enormously successful operettas as “The Student Prince” and “Blossom Time.”

Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Gulesian, and Mr. de Reeder, have all signed “Dick Whittington,” thus considerably increasing its material value. A real novelty of its kind is the signed and numbered-to-match-the book edition of “Moorish Moon,” one of the songs from the show, that accompanies each copy of “Dick Whittington.”

And as for its appeal—little comment is necessary here. Any book by this amazingly talented woman cannot fail to be original and exhilarating. World-traveller from the Steppes to the darkest jungles of Africa, her ever-widening imagination and ability to create humor, pathos and drama out of seemingly everyday incidents imbues her writings with a quality and atmosphere all their own.

There was something distinctive in the presentation of this latest interpretation of “Dick Whittington” that reflects the charming personality of Mrs. Anderson. She shares with others the joy and enthusiasm



*Mrs. Larz Perkins Anderson
Author of the new play “Dick Whittington”*

of her work. The very first announcement of the play over the radio brought to the microphone through her voice a suggestion of why Isabel Anderson is one of the popular and outstanding literary and social leaders in her own native Boston. The daughter of Commodore Perkins, she has cruised the seven seas and visited all parts of the world. These experiences of themselves provide the background out of which is drawn the keen sense of dramatic values in her work as a playwright, giving an original conception of using real oriental costumes and stage settings, that carry the conviction of genuine sincerity.

THE production given at the Boston Opera House awakened a popular interest. It fulfilled some of the purposes associated with the building of this playhouse as a center of Boston’s operatic and cultural innovations.

Owing to her world-wide acquaintance, the production was of widespread interest. Mrs. Anderson served during the War in the Red Cross and was associated with Queen Elizabeth of Belgium in hospital work. Always an enthusiastic patron of literature and the arts, at her hospitable home she has entertained many distinguished people. Her husband, Mr. Larz Anderson, served in the diplomatic corps in Belgium and was American Ambassador to Japan. From these contacts Mrs. Anderson has absorbed a knowledge of people in every part of the world, but still maintains a rugged devotion to the simplicity of the New England traditions.

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A Visit With a Poet Laureate

Great Crowds Turned Out To Welcome John Masefield When He Appeared at Symphony Hall in Boston

by LOIS W. B. FISHER

ON Tuesday evening, January 17, 1933, John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England, returned to Boston and gave simply of his greatness and his genius to Boston's eager admirers who assembled at Symphony Hall to see him. To see this great poet in the flesh, apart from the image incurred through the reading of his works; to hear him give of himself, in words which one and all could understand, through the medium of his poetry—somehow it became the privilege of the individual to be there in the presence of this man, to drink in the words of his heart and his soul, to understand more deeply in a few moments the children of his brain which carry a message for all men . . .

To many thousands of Americans, Masefield is a magic word. His return to the United States was hailed with more sincere acclaim than would have been the arrival of a premier, for after all, Masefield is a premier of the poesy and personality that touch the human heart.

Without pomp and circumstance, John Masefield appeared before the big red curtain. Simply and unaffectedly he spoke into the amplifier to one of the largest audiences I have ever seen assembled at Symphony Hall. Boston audiences often surround themselves in a conventional atmosphere, are apt to appear fishy-eyed, and unnecessarily critical. But it was plain to be seen that upon this occasion they were impressed, intent, keenly interested. They were answering with their emotions as well as with their intellects. It would be inadequate to call this audience "appreciative." The "so many faces" were characterized in an unusual manner—each man, each woman, each child seemed to be interpreting for himself something special—seemed to be bringing to life some dear thing which he or she had loved but perhaps found intangible until touched by the creator.

Man cannot work alone with such a phenomenon. Masefield is a psychic and all-pervading personality. As he stood there before the stand with a copy of his own works in his hand, he seemed to be reaching out with a quiet force toward every one of his listeners. His concentration, however, seemed effortless, very human. If the people, as a whole, accepted this great man from the very first in loving appreciation, certainly John Masefield was answering them with an encompassing understanding.

I dislike to use the word "faces," but individually, they were studies in expression. Crown men and women responded as children to Mr. Masefield's first selection, the story of "Alphonso and Bill," which was permeated with gleams of humor and asides

that were philosophical comments in themselves. "Alfonso and Bill" might almost be classed as "a bedtime tale" and if the mature audience were entranced and childishly pleased the very young people responded with intent seriousness which heralded their surprising reaction to deeper poems which followed.

It was impossible not to be impressed by the picture of Masefield in his unassuming dignity. Even two lonesome chairs at his side seemed to turn about and listen.



J. Masefield
Poet-Laureate of England

WITH that precious little volume before him, he turned the leaves and read gem after gem of his masterpieces. It was like a rector chanting his service. He would pause in a charmingly colloquial manner to explain some particular aspect of a poem which he wished his listeners to comprehend fully or feel deeply with him.

There was not a sound in the house when he was speaking, only now and then a ripple of appreciation, and what was phenomenal, the Symphony Hall audience laughed aloud, upon occasion, pleased, a radical thing for it to do! A tribute to the greatness, yet the humanness of England's Poet Laureate.

It is said that Masefield is greatly inspired by Chaucer and Lord Tennyson, his predecessors. This idealism no doubt formed the basis of his desire to write, but looking at the subject from a different angle,

his greatest love seems to be the sea, "and all to do therewith." He spent much of his early life on the sea, in ships, among sailors. And his simplicity and sweetness seem not to have been disturbed by the adventures and incidents of his early sailor life and struggles in America.

It is noticeable that he refers often and lovingly to the sea and its storms, its subtlety, its power. *He has made his fondness for the sea almost legendary.* In one of his poems, he even has brought the mighty ocean into a flower-garden, and makes it seem at home there—or the garden at home in the sea—the entire poem molded with skill into a thing of beauty — a perfect thing, such as are all his poems.

Perhaps his most famous sea-poem is "Down to the Sea in Ships."

TO return to Symphony Hall, when John Masefield read this poem in his vigorous yet mellow voice, with the English accent so delightful to the American ear, the entire house seemed to strain forward, as if they had been waiting for this particular favorite. The familiar words seem to take on new meaning, new beauty and force when coming from the lips of their creator. The opening words, "I must go down to the sea again," were an overture in themselves, an overture to the complete symphony of the evening.

Indeed, the impression of, or the sensation of music was unmistakably upon the air throughout the readings. But there were no flowery tunes to make one nod; it was melody, a concert of the highest type, genius revealed through the instrument of perfection.

The climax came with the recital of "Reynard the Fox," a very long poem, which suggested the manner and the method of the old Laureates who thought that their poems should be measured by the yard rather than by the verse. Masefield's apparent intense love of the fox hunt possessed all the enthusiasm of the Englishman's love of outdoor sports, and he veritably incarnated the "one out of three foxes" which died that others might enjoy the sport!

The detail in this poem was amazing — vivid, lucid, accurate, as tales go, yet arranged to suit the author's fancy. There is revealed, besides the love of the sport in itself, and the very human interest in the habits of the fox and his antics while under pursuit, an intense love of nature and the feel of the earth, and the sky. This love is paramount in most of Masefield's poetry, yet in "Reynard the Fox" one is carried

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Romance and Adventures of the "Carib Queens"

New England Author Weaves the Tragic History of Haiti—the Black Republic—into a Thrilling Narrative of Love, Tragedy and Intrigue

HAITI—Island of Passion and Romance . . . where once a Black King ruled with all the pomp and circumstance of the French Court itself . . . where Nature is so lavish that Man need not labor . . . whose shores are swept by the warm blue waves of the Caribbean Sea . . . and whose mountains climb up and ever upward to the lazy clouds.

Haiti—lush and lazy land of the Octoroon . . . where Obiism still reigns, a heritage from Africa's steaming jungles . . . where the Snake God has its worshippers as of old . . . and Voodism is in the brooding air.

Haiti—land of Mystery and Blood, of old, old faiths, of revolution and revolts, of rapine and murder and the flaming torch—of tragedy and despair—grandeur and poverty—destruction and oblivion.

Haiti—the Black Republic . . . strange—remote—mysterious—unknown.

And Martinique—the birthplace of an Empress . . . that langourous isle where Time itself stands still . . . where yesterday,

A Book Review by
**MAITLAND LEROY
OSBORNE**

tomorrow and today are one.

In "Carib Queens," his latest book, Charles E. Waterman takes his enchanted readers to these magic isles—where so much history has been lived—and so little written.

To Haiti—linked so poignantly with the Past—from the Present so detached. That island where the flame of Hate has traced the tragedy of a dying race across the darkness of a tropic sky . . . whose rivers have run red with human blood, while priestesses of Afric's horrid rites have danced in naked frenzy beneath the moon.

To Martinique—that played its brief part as the pawn of nations . . . and faded to oblivion—content.

These islands of the tropic seas yield up their gripping human story after many, many years to a New England author who has a flair for historic narrative.

CHARLES E. WATERMAN, the author of "Carib Queens," and of other books, is an old-time newspaper man with a strong New England background. He was born in the good old state of Maine in the year 1853—in the town of Oxford, which is over in the western part of the state near the New Hampshire line. Near also to Poland, where the springs are that are known the country over.

Poland has her springs—Oxford has her newspaper: *The Oxford Democrat*. Some rather notable men have in past years been its editor. There was Hannibal Hamlin, for instance, vice-president with Abraham Lincoln; and Horatio King, postmaster-general under President Buchanan; Gen. John G. Perry, who was a congressman during the Civil War; Col. George G. Millett,

afterwards superintendent of the Riverside Press, where most of the best books of literary Boston during the last century have been put into type; also George A. Emery, one-time editor of the *Boston Post*.

Mr. Waterman himself, after a long and exacting apprenticeship at the newspaper game, was for eight years editor of this weekly journal that has recorded so much of stirring history and human interest. While the glory of the country newspaper has now definitely passed, for three or four generations they wielded an immense and benevolent influence on American life. In a day when life moved more slowly, when people took time to think, the country newspaper was a power in the land. We have lost something definitely vital to our well-being with the submergence of country journalism.

IN 1879, when Charles E. Waterman entered the office of the *Oxford Democrat*, fresh from his studies at Hebron Academy, to become a newspaper man, the weekly paper was a power in the land. There is an old saying around newspaper offices that once a man gets printing ink on his fingers, he never gets away from it. It is a true saying in the main—and it proved true in the case of this eager neophyte at the fount of learning. There was—there is—a lure to the newspaper game far surpassing the lure of gold or fame. The born newspaper man cannot successfully resist his fate. It is at best an ill-paid calling—considered from the sordid money side. But, ah! the rewards of the Spirit that inevitably accrue. Out of a long and varied experience, the present deponent could easily grow lyrical on this subject, but after all this started out to be a book review, rather than a dissertation on life as it was lived in the hectic '80s.

The town of Paris, where the *Oxford Democrat* was published, possessed a distinct and distinctive literary flavor at the time when young Waterman set his feet to the journalistic pathway. Just next door to Paris, in a way of speaking, lies the town of Norway—in those days the home of those old-time literary giants, Sylvanus Cobb and Artemus Ward. And Don C. Seitz, the present voluminous bookmaker, was a newspaper man there during young Waterman's early newspaper days. Arlo Bates, the journalist and author, married a Paris girl. Mr. Waterman's late wife, Clara A. Garland, was a Paris newspaper woman at the time he married her.

After acquiring experience with type lice and local items, and learning to use a pencil and yellow copy paper and a paste-pot and shears (often slanderously referred to as "the editorial brains") young Waterman felt the urge to wander that inevitably afflicts the true newspaper man at an early stage of his career. Life beckons alluringly from around the corner—over the hill a rainbow buries its tail in a pot of gold—the pot of gold being new and wonderful things to write about. Things dreamed of, but seldom seen. The bright kaleidoscopic face of Life itself to greet with a morning smile.

All Maine-born boys when they start to wander come to Massachusetts—just as the souls of all good Frenchmen go to Paris



Charles E. Waterman
Author of "Carib Queens"

when they die. Waterman was no exception in this regard. He worked for a time on the *Lowell Morning Times*. Then he came to Boston and had positions on the *Cambridge Chronicle*, the *Charlestown Independent*, and the *Boston Herald*. Having hammered the point of his journalistic lance on the anvil of metropolitan experience, he returned to Maine and to a position on the *Auburn Gazette*. Later he went to the *Lewiston Journal*, while Holman Day was connected with that paper.

THE Island of Haiti has had more romance and adventure within its coastline than any other territory in the western hemisphere. It is the scene of the first white European colonization in the New World, and in the city of Santo Domingo are entombed the bones of Columbus, discoverer of this New World. The island saw the beginning of slavery by white Europeans this side of the Atlantic Ocean, first the native Indians, who were so constituted they would rather die than yield to chains, and were exterminated within a century; then Africans, who were more virile, and have become the dominant race. Here came the buccaneers in the seventeenth century, with the blood of France flowing in their veins, and as a result, half of the island was ceded to them in the peace of Ryswick in 1697 by the Spanish. The island was the scene of a slave uprising, the most picturesque in history and the most successful. It produced four French generals—Francois Dominique Toussaint, to whose name was afterwards added L'Ouverture (the opener), Henri Christophe, Jean Jacques Dessalines, and Alexandre Sabes Pétion. On this island was set up the first empire, not native, in the New World, with Jean Jacques (Dessalines) le Premier at its head. He was a cruel tyrant, but he had his soft side. He had a sweetheart, Défilée, whom he loved as much as he could any human being; and Défilée—well, this book is the story of Défilée—a story of passion and might in the primitive.

Foreword to "CARIB QUEENS".

While he was still in Boston—in that day the literary mecca of the United States—Mr. Waterman began to somewhat shyly woo the notice of Journalism's elder sister, Literature. Being in Boston in its Golden Age, and being a young, impressionable and eager newspaper man, it followed naturally that he should. Most newspaper men suffer from the fever at least once. Most of them recover. Waterman didn't. One part of his brain remained faithful to newspaper life and service—the other part went wandering off into strange lands, enticing him to write books. He formed some slight acquaintance with a few of Boston's literary giants—and there were giants in those days. With Edward Everett Hale, for instance, to mention one or two by name—and with Edward Bellamy and Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Then, too, he had the priceless association with Dr. John Mead, then editor of the *New England Magazine*, to which he began to contribute; and Frederick E. Goodrich and Fred Hale, editors of *The Commonwealth*, for which he also wrote.

Mr. Waterman's forbears were farmers. The very roots of his being go back to the sacred soil of the grand old state that has given to our country so notable a succession of great men. Law, literature, finance, business, philosophy, medicine—you cannot name a calling, a profession, but what I can name for you a man whose attainments in his own particular line are known the country over—whose boyhood was passed on a Maine farm. And in their after life, Maine calls to them—as our homeland ever calls. So Charles E. Waterman went back to Maine—to editing a newspaper and writing books. Among the latter are "A City on a Hill," "The White Fawn," "Measured Fancies," and "The Oxford Hills." There are others under way. The latest one that has been published is "Carib Queens." You ought to read it. I did—and liked it.

INTO it he has woven much of the unwritten history of Haiti—a bloody and turbulent history, surpassing in its main outlines the wildest flight of romantic fiction. How he came to be conversant with that history is a story in itself—another story, one of fact, of raw and elemental life, stark in its naked reality. Some time I hope that he may write it. If he ever does, it will be worth reading—as "Carib Queens" is worth reading, and "Carib Queens," the book, is but the shadow of the substance—the substance of which dreams are made.

I'd like at this point to quote for you a paragraph or two from the book itself. It is illuminating, I think, as painting a striking picture of a little-known time and place:

Because of exertion and the freshness of his horse he outrode the guard. He entered a little grove, when suddenly he found the road in front of him filled with soldiers. He had ridden into ambush. A volley of bullets filled the air. They riddled the trees round about. They killed the emperor's horse. They killed the emperor himself.

The ambushers were intoxicated with the killing. They tore his brilliant uniform from his back. They tore it into shreds and divided the pieces between them. When the uniform would go no farther, they cut off his fingers

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Can Congress Alienate the Philippines?

A Former Vice-Governor Questions the Legal Right of the United States to Free the Islands Without Fulfilling the Pledge Made Upon Taking Possession

by HON. NEWTON W. GILBERT

IT IS very natural human for men to want to be independent of control. We all have that desire. The child looks forward to the time when he can shake off the control of his parents; regardless of the fact that his parents may understand much better what is to his interest than he himself, and therefore it has been easy for politicians in the Philippines to achieve local office by telling the voters how capable of independence they are in every way; but until recently there has not seemed to be much danger that they might accomplish the thing they were asking for. As long as it was simply a matter of sentiment the propaganda did not get very far. When people began to analyze the situation, it was apparent that the Filipinos had every element of freedom, and that it was freedom which should be dear to their hearts rather than independence. One has only to contemplate our neighbors of the North and South to realize what I mean.—Mexico has independence, but Mexicans have little freedom; Canada does not have independence, but the Canadians have freedom.

But! when the selfish interests of the United States were brought to the front then the real danger of independence was apparent. When our beet-sugar growers of the West were convinced by the Cuban sugar growers, that it was to their interest to have the sugar of the Philippines shut out from this free market; and when the dairymen of the Northwest became convinced that the free importation of cocoanut oil was injurious to their business, the real agitation for Philippine independence began in this country. Let us contemplate the situation! I suppose it is known by every one that the United States is the greatest consumer of sugar in the world. We consume each year some 6,000,000 tons, but we do not produce 6,000,000 tons all together in Continental United States, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. We produce, in round figures, three million tons; so that it is necessary for us to go outside of our own territory to get the balance that we require, some three million tons. We get this three million tons from Cuba—not from Java or Germany, or elsewhere—because at the close of the Spanish-American War we entered into an agreement to give Cuba a 20% preference in the matter of tariff to the United States. So that no other part of the world can compete with Cuba and pay the larger tariff that is required. Therefore, Cuba is the country that is interested in shutting out Philippine sugar from the United States. The Cuban interests are represented by very large financial institutions, which have not hesi-

tated to promulgate propaganda for Philippine independence, basing it on the claim that it would help our Western farmers.

The fact should not be lost sight of that 120,000,000 million people in the United States use sugar three times a day. If this bill should have the effect that it was hoped by Congress it would have, it means an



Hon. Newton W. Gilbert
Former Vice-Governor of the Philippines

increase in the price of this necessity of life at a time when we should be thinking of economy rather than extravagance.

The bill which Congress has finally passed contains many curious provisions. For example, it permits the free entry of goods from the United States into the Philippine Islands during the period of transition, but limits the amount of products from the Philippine Islands, which may come into the United States free of duty; it provides that the Bill must be accepted by the Filipino people almost immediately, instead of providing for plebiscite after the effects of the Bill have been felt in the Islands, as they will be felt during the ten year period that is provided before complete independence.

IT may be that the Government of the United States made a mistake back in 1909, when we practically compelled the Filipino people to accept free trade between their government and ours. At the time it perhaps could not be anticipated, but what happened was, that the Filipinos devoted

their energies to the production of products which paid duty when coming to the United States from any other country, but which, by reason of the free trade provisions, permitted them to enter their products here at a great advantage over other countries. The result was that there was a great development of the sugar industry, for example. And now if that free trade provision is abolished, it will bring utter ruin to the millions of dollars that have been invested in the growing of sugar. Indeed, if it had not been for the free trade provision of the Law passed in 1909 the Islanders undoubtedly would have devoted themselves to the raising of rubber, coffee, and other articles which enter the United States free of duty from every place in the world, and then if independence came they would not have suffered the economic shock which must necessarily come upon them now.

The free entry of sugar and other products into the United States has caused the Philippines to receive at least fifty millions of dollars a year more for their products than they otherwise would have received. Now fifty million dollars may not sound very big to the man in Wall Street, (although I think it sounds bigger than it used to) but fifty million dollars in the Philippine Islands is a lot of money; and because of that fifty million dollars the standard of living in the Philippines has been greatly improved. There are no people in the Orient who live as well as the Filipinos do now. Take away that extra revenue, as this Bill provides, and they will instantly drop back to the standard of living which prevails in China, Japan, and other Oriental countries.

An interesting illustration of the capacity of the Filipinos to conduct a successful government is that in 1900, shortly after the Americans went to the Philippines, there were within their territory 40,000 deaths from smallpox; in 1915 under our benefice the deaths from smallpox were reduced to 276; in 1920 after the government of the Islands had been generally Filipinized, during the administration of Governor-General Harrison, the number of deaths from smallpox rose to 49,971. When the Americans again took control under General Wood in 1925, there was not a single death from smallpox in the Islands. In 1900 there were one hundred thousand deaths from cholera in the Islands; in 1915, after the American Sanitation and Hygienic Systems had been established, there were only 820 deaths from cholera; and in 1920, during the Filipinization period, the number of deaths from cholera for this idea in the hope of helping the

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Mme. Vezzini's Pearls

by HARRY A. EARNSHAW

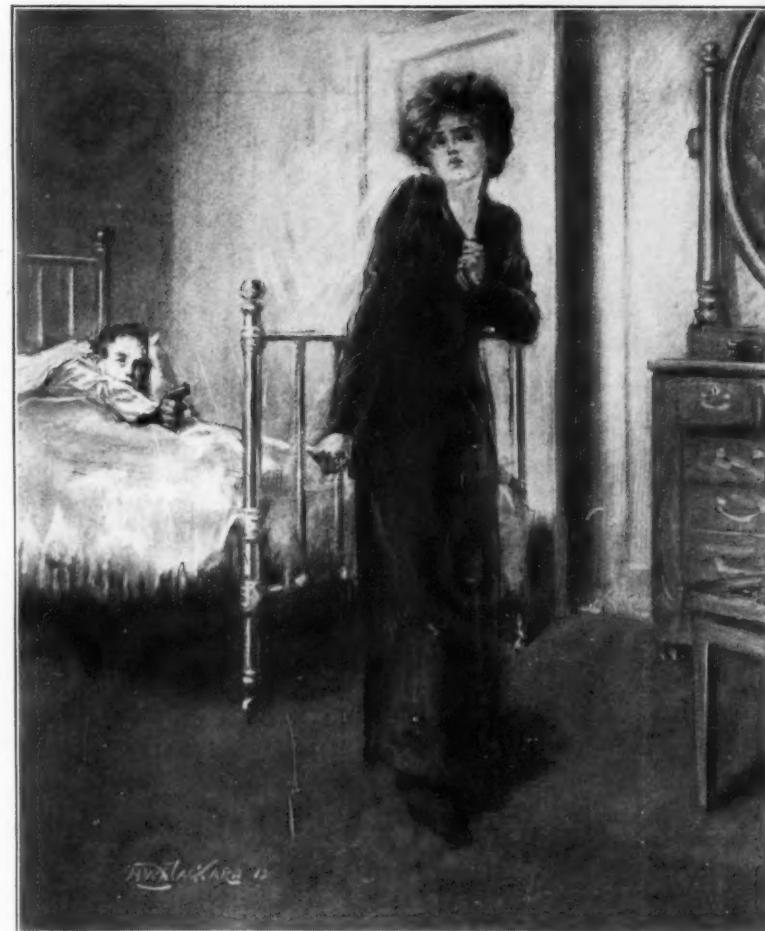
A Thriller That Never Lets Down Until The Last Line

I COULD have sworn my bed had moved. I raised my head from the pillows and gazed long into the semidarkness of the room, listening, every nerve tense. I had been asleep, but I was wide awake now. I could have sworn that my bed had moved as I slept, moved laterally out from the wall toward the center of the room. I even fancied, so vivid had been the impression, that I could tell the exact distance it had moved; half a foot, no more and no less.

I continued to listen and to peer into the gloom, with nerves as tense as those of a cat waiting to spring. There was no sound save that of my own quick breathing and the occasional noises that came up through the night from the street below. There was no movement, save the swaying of the white curtains in the gentle breeze blowing through the half-opened windows. The chimes of a neighboring tower ponderously struck two. I dropped my head back upon the pillow.

"It must have been a dream, after all," I muttered half aloud. Then I tried to compose myself for sleep again. Impatiently, I changed to the other pillow, and its fresh coolness momentarily induced the coveted drowsiness. Only momentarily, for I could not rid myself of a troubled sense of danger lurking near. Lying upon my left side, I was close to the wall. In that wall there was a door which led into the adjoining room. When the two rooms were rented *en suite* the bed in the room I was in was evidently placed close to the opposite wall in order to permit of the door swinging inward.

At least so I reasoned, as my thoughts wandered vagariously. It was through such a door, the police had insisted, that the thief had gained access to the suite of Mme. Vezzini down on the sixteenth floor a few nights previous; and it was through such a door, the police maintained, that the thief had departed, carrying with him the prima donna's pearls, valued at fifty thousand dollars.—Well, I must get to sleep.—Now, those pearls would have looked well on the Girl in Purple.—The Girl in Purple!—Who is she? I asked myself again and again; what is the mystery of her spell over me? Why did she finally elude me, after drawing me on and on by the sorcery of her laughing eyes?—Her eyes!—how they had seemed to caress me, tempt me, taunt me, mock me, implore me, dare me! I had found them searching me over her coffee in the Florentine room; they would give me a quick, quizzical flash as the Girl slipped around an angle of the hall; there was a glint of mischief in them as she stepped into a waiting limousine at



I could not have pulled the trigger upon her had my life been at stake.

the hotel entrance; each time and everywhere her eyes had been upon me, reading me; always her eyes had been saying, "I know you and I know your secret!" The Girl in Purple!—but for my longing to know more about her, to solve the mystery of her and of her interest in me, I should then have been out upon the Atlantic. Well, thought I, tomorrow I shall go, whether or not I—good! God would I never go to sleep?

THAT afternoon—that delicious, unreal afternoon that I had spent with her!—it tortured me with its memories! Every moment came back to me to be lived over: the chance meeting as I stood gazing at the jewels in Tiffany's window; her whimsical glance of half recognition; my hurried pleadings of the tenuous claim that our being fellow-guests at a hotel sufficiently fulfilled the conventions, at least for our own consciences. With an accession of boldness I hailed a taxi passing on Forty-Seventh, and she had stepped in with me without a word. At the time I had observed only her, had been conscious only of a kind of delirium that her near presence cast upon me, and yet my subconscious mind must have taken in every foot of that long

drive up Fifth Avenue, for now the whole of it came into my mind as pictures thrown on a screen. I saw again the three lines of motors stretching away in front of us, stopping and starting at the wave of a policeman's white-gloved hand. I saw again the new-greening trees of the Park as we swept up Morningside and turned into the Drive; then the quiet little corner in the old Claremont, from where we could see the great river below us, dull and slow-moving, gray and majestic in the afternoon sun. I could repeat word for word our conversation over the daintily-appointed table with its bottle of rare old wine cooling nearby. We had talked of art, music, literature, and she had skillfully led me from Persian poetry to jewels, and I had soon told her of my hobby—pearls. But of herself she would not talk, nor let me. I pictured her, as she had sat opposite me in her exquisitely fitted suit of purple velvet and broad-brimmed, purple-plumed hat. I sensed again the faint and subtle perfume that seemed to linger in tenderness about her; I seemed to be once more under the maddening witchery of her laughing, gray eyes, her mellifluous, throaty tones, her deliciously low, rippling laughter, her intoxicat-



The lid flew open. The contents were gone.

ing smile! I had grown impetuous, had started to tell her of the love she had caused to spring up within me like a quick flame—and she had checked me with her inscrutable eyes, and her bewildering smile that took the sting from her unspoken reproof. Returning down-town, she had suddenly asked me to turn off at Seventy-Second, and, arrived at Broadway, she had signaled the chauffeur to stop. She had given my hand a gentle clasp as I helped her down, and had whispered a few words in my ear that left me more confused and mystified than before. I had watched her disappear into the Hotel St. Andrews, walked about, after dismissing the taxi, in a kind of daze, and then, with the problem still unsolved, I had taken a subway express for down-town.

WELL, tomorrow the *Gigantic* should bear me swiftly across the rolling ocean.—I must sleep now.—Vezzini's pearls, valued at fifty thousand dollars.—Yes, yes, I will sleep, and tomorrow the *Gigantic*, and a long farewell to New York.—Really, I must be getting sleepy again—I believe that—What was it? Had I been dreaming that I was aboard the *Gigantic*, third night out, with the great ship pitching under me as she did her work, sinking and rising and sinking again, and bearing me always with her? Was that last a dream—that glide and roll to the left that heave and roll and that most tremendous glide to the right? Was it a dream? Why, I could have sworn that my bed had moved, moved sideways, to the right, moved out from the wall toward the center of the room.

This time I did not raise my head, but lay in a strange obsession of fear—waiting. It may have been ten minutes, it may have been forty, that I lay thus, with a queer, stifling sensation on my chest and in my throat; that I lay a-tremble with primordial dread of the unknown, with the fear of the mystery of the dark. I strained so long

ment of the bed, and I felt my bed being moved to the right. Noiselessly and easily the bed moved upon its casters toward the center of the room. Hair's breadth by hair's breadth, with the delicacy of a feather floating on the air, yet impelled by a force that seemed irresistible, my bed was being pushed aside by the door that communicated with the adjoining room. I could not move; my limbs seemed weighted with leaden fetters. And so I lay and stared through the partly opened door, followed by the profile of a white face. A form stole into the room.

A thief! This was something I could understand. The shackles of my unreasoning terror left me as if they had been lifted by a spirit hand. I was a man again, as cool as if I had been riding down Fifth Avenue in a bus. Slowly, so softly and slowly that I made not the slightest sound, my right hand slipped under the pillow and my fingers closed gratefully around my revolver. Deftly I drew it out and rested it upon the coverlet, covering the dark figure which was still stealthily moving about in the corner of the room. My bed had been moved over a distance which brought the push-button in the wall directly back of and above my head. My left hand stole to this button, and by a quick push I flooded the room with light. The figure turned with a startled gasp.

"The girl in Purple!" I cried involuntarily.

She made a quick leap toward the door through which she had come.

"Stop quick, or I shoot!"

I could not have pulled trigger upon her had my life been at stake, but the Girl stopped motionless as if frozen with terror. In the streaming light from the chandelier overhead her face showed white as the whiteness of marble. In her right-hand was clasped the little packet, and the tips of her long, slender fingers were blackened where

she had dug it out of the earth in the palm-jar. For what seemed to be an eternity she stood mute and motionless, wondrously, supernally beautiful. Finally she relaxed the tenseness of her pose.

"I am a thief, you see."

She spoke simply, with a queer note of shame and humility. The color surged back into her cheeks.

"Why are you a thief?"

"Because—I have always been one."

"Will you tell me now who you are?"

"You have called me 'The Girl in Purple'."

"Why have you fascinated, tempted, lured me, these past few weeks? Was it for this?"

"I tell you I am a thief."

"Why have you been so curiously interested in me?"

She hung her shapely head. I was sitting up in bed, the revolver still loosely held in my right hand and resting on the coverlet. She answered me after another long silence:

"You must think what you will."

She was very pale again, and still more beautiful to me. "What are you going to do with me?" she asked in a low monotone. "I suppose you will turn me over to the police."

"No; I am going to marry you," I said.

She caught her breath sharply. Her hands had been behind her throughout our strange colloquy, but she withdrew her right hand with an impulsive movement, and threw the packet on to the bed beside my knees.

"Oh!—you don't know how you are hurting me!" There was real pain in her tones, and for a moment she seemed confused. When she spoke again she seemed to have regained self-control, and her voice was low. "May I go now?" she asked.

"Yes, when you have kissed me—just one tiny kiss! One kiss and you shall go—I swear it by the God above us! And on the morrow I shall seek you out and tell you of my life and of my love!"

I had spoken in a low, impassioned voice, but in such excitement that I could scarcely make my words coherent. She looked at me curiously, with a strange light in her eyes.

"Do you really want me to kiss you?" she asked.

She did not wait for answer, but bent over me, her hands still hidden behind her back. She brushed her lips lightly upon my own, and the kiss seemed to carry my soul up to Paradise. I would have exacted tribute again, but even as my eager arms went out to pull her to me, she had quickly glided backward and disappeared noiselessly into the adjoining room. The door closed and the bolt slid sharply into place. I got out of bed, put on my dressing-gown and slippers. Sinking into the big leather chair, I lit a cigarette.

My eye fell upon the little packet lying upon the bed. I had forgotten it completely, and now I picked it up and touched the spring. The lid flew open. The contents were gone!

Next morning I sought the Girl in Purple. She had paid her bill and left the hotel. I said nothing about my loss. I had a reason for keeping silence.

You see, the packet had contained Mme. Vezzini's pearls.

The Bug In His Butter



When Doctor Brown Grudgingly Attends a Costume Party as "Buster Brown", Things Begin to Happen

by SCAMMON LOCKWOOD

Doctor Worthington Cosgrove there tomorrow morning."

Mrs. Dinglethorn was a rich old widow who thought herself delicate, though she ate enormously, and she used to have Doctor Brown in attendance almost every day.

Doctor Brown was young and she was his only "big" patient—not to say that she was fat, though in reality this was the truth—but she was the only lucrative patient that he had.

Doctor Worthington Cosgrove was the "bug" in Doctor Brown's "butter," and anyone can see that a doctor with such a name has an enormous initial advantage over a plain Doctor George Brown. Doctor Brown had often told his wife that he didn't think it was Cosgrove's real name, but he'd just taken it because no one like a doctor or an actor or a literary man who needed such a name ever had one naturally.

Doctor Cosgrove had the further advantage of a set of the most beautiful dark brown whiskers that one ever saw. "The germs' paradise," Doctor Brown used to call them—but that was just jealousy, of course.

Then, in addition to all this, Doctor Cosgrove had taken a further advantage (being unmarried) by making love to a Miss Eulalia Measelberry, who was a poor, homely, and ancient relative of Mrs. Dinglethorn's, and lived with her. Whenever Mrs. Dinglethorn was taken ill suddenly and ordered someone to send for Doctor Brown, Miss Measelberry would secretly telephone Doctor Worthington Cosgrove, and he'd come over, pretending to be making a social call on Miss Measelberry. The idea was, of course, that if Doctor Brown ever "slipped up," why Doctor Cosgrove would be "Johnny on the spot," and would get the next chance.

NATURALLY Doctor Brown didn't like the idea of Mrs. Dinglethorn's hearing that he had been prancing around in a Buster Brown suit. He knew that Miss Measelberry would make the most of it, and as she was naturally loquacious, her "most" was an enormous quantity. So he stated his objections with force.

"Oh, but don't you see," argued Mrs. Brown. "She would thoroughly appreciate the cleverness of it, because you'll have to

admit that Mrs. Dinglethorn certainly has a sense of humor. It would be, just as I said, a fine advertisement, just like the way you think some kinds of soap must be good because there are such splendid verses about them."

"No, I don't see," persisted the Doctor, "and besides, advertising is against professional ethics. So that settles that, and what's more, Mrs. Dinglethorn might send for me this very evening. In fact, I think it highly probable that she will. I know she was going to have mince pie for dinner. I've warned her against it repeatedly. Separated, she and mince pie are violent affinities, united they at once become deadly enemies. If she eats any mince pie, she's sure to send for me. I've never known it to fail."

"NOW you know, George, that's no excuse. Amelia has a telephone."

"What good would that do? I'd be dressed as Buster Brown. I'll leave it to anyone if a large, wealthy lady, suffering from acute indigestion, would take any sort of a prescription from a physician who appeared at her bedside disguised as *Buster Brown*."

"O George, you make such absurd and illogical objections. Have you no confidence at all in my resources?"

"Yes, but—"

"Of course I've got all that provided for. You will take your regular clothes in a suitcase with you. Don't you see? It's perfectly safe. And you'll really be a great deal nearer Mrs. Dinglethorn over at Amelia's than if you were at home."

This was true and the Doctor couldn't think of another objection, so he just sort of growled, as a man does when he knows that he's got to give in in a minute or two. Mrs. Brown kept right on.

"Why, you wouldn't be at ease in a regular suit, with everyone there in fancy dress. Deever Smuckert is going to dress as Little Lord Fauntleroy. You won't look any funnier than he will."

"That's absolutely a cinch," replied the Doctor.

"And there's Mrs. Cooper Danrib coming as Little Bo Peep; and you know how straight-laced she is."

"Yes, I know," snorted the Doctor. "And I sometimes wonder — professionally, of course—how her health stands it."

Mrs. Brown didn't pay any attention to this. It wasn't the first time that the Doc-

"O H, yes," said Doctor Brown, "I see myself cavorting around in a Buster Brown suit, don't I? Besides, they're all out of date."

"But George," Mrs. Brown begged, "everyone will be dressed in all sorts of funny children's clothes. And you can wear this costume so well because you've always shaved and have no mustache or beard, and it's so appropriate for Doctor Brown to go as Buster Brown."

"Oh, it's 'appropriate', is it?" snorted the Doctor, as scornful as he could be. "You'll have to explain to my limited intelligence just why it's 'appropriate'."

"Why—why—" Mrs. Brown hesitated. She knew it was appropriate, but couldn't exactly explain why. But finally she got her idea.

"Why, it's sort of advertisement for you. Everyone will say, 'There's Doctor Brown dressed as Buster Brown—wasn't that a clever idea?' and of course they won't know it was my idea, but they'll think it was yours, and say that a man with such clever ideas must be a good doctor, and then when they're sick, they'll call you up."

Right here the Doctor started to interrupt, but Mrs. Brown had another mild inspiration which she gave her renewed vocal power, and she rushed right on.

"And George! Just suppose that Mrs. Dinglethorn should hear of it. Why, you'd rise most immeasurably in her estimation."

"Oh, would I?" said the Doctor, still pushing hard on the scorn pedal. "I think I'd find



Well, that Buster Brown suit made the biggest sort of a hit

tor had "roasted" Mrs. Danrib because he thought she laced too tight. She had big hips and she had to lace, and Mrs. Brown knew all about that and sympathized with her, the way women do.

"You know I don't mean that. I mean that she's a very proper person and never does anything out of the way. Yet she's coming dressed as oddly as anyone."

"But—but," suddenly demanded the Doctor, "you told me only yesterday that she was going to California for the winter."

"Yes, she is, but just to show how much she thinks of Amelia, and of helping to make her affair a success, she has delayed her departure a whole day. She doesn't leave until tonight. She's going straight from Amelia's to the train in a taxi. She won't even stop to change. It's all planned. She'll put on a long cloak over her costume and get right into her compartment on the train."

"That's all right for her," said the Doctor. "She can afford compartments to California and taxicabs."

"Oh, I know, George, but we so seldom are invited to anything, and this will be such fun."

"But the costume?" asked the Doctor, clutching at the last hope of escape. "It's too late now to get anything."

"Oh, I've got it already. I rented it this afternoon. Wait!" Mrs. Brown ran into her bedroom and returned, holding up a large Buster Brown suit. "See, they were made for a man in a theatrical company, and he was just your size. Wasn't it lucky?"

DOCTOR BROWN didn't get bit excited about the luck of it, but he said nothing. He figured that he was in for it. He was a good-natured sort of a six-footer and he knew that a doctor's wife, especially the wife of a young doctor, had a pretty dull time of it. So he just sort of grunted "All right," and took the costume and held it up to see if there was any chance of its being too small. But it looked all right, that is, as if it would fit him fairly well.

Mrs. Brown was tickled pink at her husband's finally giving in.

"Now you go in and put it on, and I'll get into my costume," she directed.

"Your costume? What are you going as?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, I'm going as Buster Brown's sweetheart, of course," said Mrs. Brown, so prettily that the Doctor was glad that he had finally consented.

Well, of course the Doctor couldn't walk through the streets or ride on trolleys attired in a Buster Brown suit, so he telephoned for a taxi. But first he looked to see if he had money enough to pay for it. He had, but it was all in his regular clothes which Mrs. Brown had packed in his suitcase, on the chance that he might get a hurry-up call from his rich patient, Mrs. Dinglethorn. So he took out a two dollar bill and left the rest of the money in the suitcase, because he discovered that the man who made the Buster Brown suit had forgotten to put any pockets in it.

Then he called "Central," and asked her to transfer any calls for him to Mrs. Amelia Pennycrow, Colony 87. The Browns didn't even have a maid as yet, so one can understand how anxious the Doctor was not to lose such a rich patient as Mrs. Dinglethorn.

At last they got into the taxi with the Doctor's suit and medicine cases, and silk hat, and were driven over to Mrs. Pennycrow's. The fare was a dollar eighty, and the Doctor remembered that he had no pockets and let the chauffeur keep the two dollar bill.

WELL, that Buster Brown costume made the biggest sort of a hit. Everybody said it was a brilliant idea, just as Mrs. Brown had predicted they would, and the Browns were really having a splendid time when the telephone bell rang.

Of course the mince pie that Mrs. Dinglethorn ate for dinner began to make trouble along about ten o'clock. Three hours and a half after she'd eaten it her digestive apparatus was still overtaxed, and she was in great pain.

So her maid called up Doctor Brown's number and "Central" told her to call up Mrs. Pennycrow, Colony 87, and she did. She asked for Doctor Brown, and her voice was so excited that one could hear it all over the room, kind of metallic sounding, like a phonograph.

"Is that you, Doctor Brown?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Dinglethorn's dying!"

"What?"

"Mrs. Dingleton's very sick."

"Who is this?"

"This is Mrs. Dinglethorn house. I'm Jane. You know me. I always open the door for you."

"Oh, yes, Jane, of course. You say Mrs. Dinglethorn is ill?"

"Oh, frightful! The worst case she's ever had. She was took violent about ten minutes ago, and I'd have telephoned sooner but I had to get the hot water bag ready and she wants you to come right over."

"All right," said the Doctor. "You tell Mrs. Dinglethorn to drink a glass of water just as hot as she can stand it, and to keep as quiet as possible, and I'll be over in about an hour."

"Oh, that won't do, I'm sure," shouted

the excited maid, "she's so sick she'll die if you don't get here sooner."

"But I can't possibly," pleaded the Doctor, thinking of the time it would take him to change his clothes.

"Listen, doctor," the maid momentarily reduced her voice to caution, "Miss Measelberry's called up Doctor Cosgrove."

Jane disliked Miss Measelberry, but she liked Doctor Brown, because he "tipped" her whenever Mrs. Dinglethorn paid her bill.

WELL, at this news of course Doctor Brown was alarmed. He could see Miss Measelberry hovering over Mrs. Dinglethorn and telling her that Doctor Cosgrove was downstairs, accidentally, and wouldn't she like to have him step up. Still, Doctor Brown didn't see how he could make it much quicker.

"I'm not at my home," he said, trying to make up some perfectly logical excuse "and I'll have to go there first, but—"

At this point in the conversation Mrs. Brown, who had been listening at her husband's elbow, and who had heard nearly everything, interrupted him.

"Just a second, George," she said "I've a plan for you so you can get over more quickly."

"Wait a minute," called the Doctor into the telephone, and then turned to his wife. Mrs. Brown explained her plan.

"Mrs. Cooper Danrib is just leaving for her train. You remember I told you she was starting for California this evening at ten o'clock. Well, her taxi is waiting. Get in with her, taking your suitcase with you. Leave her at the depot—it's on your way—and then drive to Mrs. Dinglethorn's, changing your clothes in the taxi as you go. Do you see what a splendid scheme it is to save time? Five minutes to the depot and fifteen minutes to Mrs. Dinglethorn's, twenty minutes in all. Tell her you'll be over in fifteen minutes."

"Yes, but couldn't I change here first, before I get into the taxi? It'll be sort of difficult—"

"No," said Mrs. Brown, "Mrs. Danrib is waiting now. There isn't a minute. And besides, you'll save more time that way."

There was no denying that part of it, so the Doctor turned to the telephone again.

"Tell Mrs. Dinglethorn that I'll be over



"All right," said the doctor, "You tell Mrs. Dinglethorn to drink a glass of water just as hot as she can stand it, and keep as quiet as possible

in eighteen minutes." He thus split the difference between the truth and the purely diplomatic fib that his wife had suggested. He knew that every minute of waiting, beyond the promised time, would accentuate Mrs. Dinglethorn's peculiarities.

"All right," agreed the maid, "you be sure, because if you wait much longer she may be dead."

"Goodbye," said the Doctor, as he hung up the receiver. He was not really excited about the danger of Mrs. Dinglethorn's passing away, because every time she called for him, suddenly that way, she always thought she was going to die at once. And it was always nothing but indigestion, though the Doctor never said so to her. He always pronounced it "gastritis" or "peritonitis," or serious and expensive sounding things like that. And, of course, he always hustled in answer to her calls, especially since Doctor Worthington Cosgrove had been nosing around.

"Now hurry up," cautioned Mrs. Brown, "Mrs. Danrib is waiting."

Then she hurried him upstairs and got his silk hat, which he wore with his regular clothes, and his medicine case, and helped him to pick out his suit-case, and she was mighty careful also to get the right one, because there were a lot of them there. She just seemed to think of everything. She was certainly a fine woman, and exactly cut out to be a doctor's wife.

But the Doctor wasn't satisfied about the suitcase.

"Are you sure this is mine?" he asked.

"Of course, don't you remember that long, crooked scratch it got on the truck at Niagara Falls when we were on our honeymoon?"

"Um, yes, I think so," admitted the Doctor. But he wasn't taking any chances at all, so he opened the suit-case and assured himself that it was really his own, and then he didn't let it out of his hand until he was safely seated in the taxicab beside Mrs. Cooper Danrib, who now had just about ten minutes to catch her train and was not in the most amiable mental condition.

But they got to the depot in plenty of time and Mrs. Danrib of course told the Doctor not to get out. So the depot porter took Mrs. Danrib's suitcase, and the Doctor wished her a pleasant journey and she thanked him and went into the depot.

Then the Doctor called through the speaking tube of the taxi.

"Drive to 2897 Parkway Terrace just as quickly as possible."

"Honk! Honk!" went the horn, and off they started doing about double the speed regulation.

THE Doctor put his suitcase on the movable seat in front of him and opened it. Then he jumped so that he nearly broke the roof out of the taxicab. It wasn't his suitcase at all. It was Mrs. Cooper Danrib's, and it had all her traveling clothes in it, that she was to wear when she got into her compartment on the train.

So, after all his care, he'd got the wrong

one. For a second or two the inside of that taxi was like the wireless room on an ocean liner. But he didn't waste much time in useless profanity. He reached and grabbed the speaking tube again.

"Turn right around and go back to that depot as quickly as you can," he yelled. "If you get there in three minutes, I'll give you five dollars." (The Doctor clean forgot that he didn't have five cents.)

This, of course, interested the chauffeur very much, and going back he did better than twice the speed regulations.

Long before they reached the depot



Gradually the chauffeur came to his senses

entrance, the Doctor had the door of the taxi open and was ready to spring out. He totally forgot his garb, the Buster Brown suit, finished off at the top with a shiny silk hat. He had only one thought, to get to the California train before it left, regain his suitcase, and return Mrs. Danrib's.

"Where's the California train?" he said to the grinning porter as they drew up to the curb.

"Dunno which track; have to ask the gateman."

Doctor Brown leaped down the stairs to the gate. His agility was very picturesque.

"Where's the California train?" he demanded.

The gateman looked too astonished to articulate a reply. He only gazed at Doctor Brown and laughed. And one can't blame him much, because Doctor Brown was really mighty funny to look at. Doctor Brown's face was certainly tragic in its expression of intensity, but from his neck down he was very comic, and also from his forehead up, for the silk hat was set at a political angle.

DOCTOR Brown heard the bell ring and the steam escape from the cylinders the way they always do as an engine starts. He knew that it was about the minute that the California train was due to leave. He pushed the laughing gateman aside roughly and started in pursuit of the train. Everyone in the depot had by this time noticed the slim, excited six-footer in the funny costume that didn't match the serious expression on his face.

"Go it, Buster!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Gee, Buster, but you've grown since I saw you last. Where's Tige?"

"Oh, Buster, where did you get that hat?"

Similar comments to these were irritatingly numerous.

But the Doctor didn't pay any attention to them. He just ran faster. Faster went the California train. But like most college men, the doctor was a good sprinter and was gaining. He kept on gaining, until he was within five feet of the observation platform, on which stood Mrs. Cooper Danrib, wildly gesticulating, as if to bait the Doctor to renewed efforts, just like you coax a donkey along with a carrot that he can't get.

Then the train began to gain on the Doctor.

"Go it, Buster!" again shouted the interested spectators.

Doctor Brown put forth every ounce of energy. The thought of Doctor Worthington Cosgrove's beautiful brown Van Dyke beard hovering over Mrs. Dinglethorn maddened him to frantic effort. It was no use. Once a train begins to gain on a man it keeps gaining. Nearly everybody knows that. The distance between him and the train widened. He tried to shout to Mrs. Danrib to throw his suitcase out. But he had used all his breath. He couldn't raise even a whisper. Then he made a lot of gestures. But nobody can learn the sign language instantly. She didn't understand his antics at all, though everybody else thought them very amusing.

"What did he want?" said the conductor to Mrs. Danrib, after they had gone a mile or so.

"Why, this suitcase," she said, and explained the whole situation.

"Why didn't you throw it to him?" asked the conductor.

"Why, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Mrs. Danrib.

When he saw that he had lost the train, the Doctor turned and started back over the long platform of the depot shed.

"Too bad, Buster," laughed some people who were standing waiting for another train.

"You'll get spanked when you get home, Buster," cried others, and there was a great quantity of miscellaneous humor let loose at the Doctor.

But the Doctor didn't hear more than one remark, because he suddenly thought of Mrs. Dinglethorn again, and the undi-

gested mince pie, and Doctor Worthington Cosgrove, the "bug" in his "butter."

HE ran back to the taxi and jumped in. "Now quick to 2897 Parkway Terrace," he shouted, and slammed the door.

Then he took one minute of the twenty he had to do some quick thinking. He must go to Mrs. Dinglethorn's. This was certain. He couldn't go home first, because his latch key was in his regular trousers and they were on the way to California, and it was doubtful whether or not the janitor was about. Besides that would take too long. His home was in the other direction. So he must go to Mrs. Dinglethorn as he was, or there was just one alternative. He could go to her in Mrs. Cooper Danrib's traveling dress.

Which would look the worse? He decided that Buster Brown, bursting in on a fat dyspeptic in acute pain, would never do at all. He would have to explain either costume, and when it came to explanations, one would be as easy as the other. He wouldn't startle his best patient out of her mind suddenly and unexpectedly revealing to her a six-foot Buster Brown; No; she'd be sure to think she "had 'em." On the other hand, there would be nothing startling in a woman's quiet cloth traveling costume, until she discovered that there was a man in it, and by that time he could have her partly reassured. Besides, Mrs. Dinglethorn's house was set quite a distance back from the street and had no carriage entrance. In a Buster Brown suit it was a long walk. But a neat feminine tailor made wouldn't look at all out of the way. The Doctor was smooth shaven and could easily wear it without attracting attention. Yes, there was no doubt but what the smallest evil was Mrs. Cooper Danrib's traveling suit.

As soon as he decided what he would do, he got very busy. He took the precaution to tell the chauffeur to drive around a bit until further orders. This didn't surprise the chauffeur at all, because by this time he was perfectly sure that he was driving a raving lunatic. But he often drove people like that.

First the Doctor pulled off the Buster Brown trousers and blouse and threw them under the seat to get them well out of the way. Then he began a deeper investigation of Mrs. Danrib's suitcase.

He knew that the same thing would have to be done for which he had "roasted" Mrs. Danrib to his wife earlier in the evening. But he didn't hesitate. Out came Mrs. Danrib's best twenty-four dollar "figure," and Doctor Brown began trying to get into it.

After a minute or so he felt like backing out, but since he was started he determined to keep on as he had planned. He had often told his wife that vacillation was even worse than bad judgment.

He was perspiring pretty freely now, because there wasn't much room in the taxicab and he couldn't put Mrs. Danrib's "figure" on sitting down, and he couldn't stand up, so he had to kneel down, because it was long and not at all what might be called flexible.

Well, finally he got that part fixed. It cut his breath off a good deal, and there was one place where something poked him terribly in the hip bone. He thought, however, he could stand it for a half hour or so. Then he put on the dress. It seemed to fit pretty well, for Mrs. Danrib was a good sized woman, though the skirt was a trifle short. But that didn't matter so much because the doctor had on the long silk stockings and pumps which went with the Buster Brown costume. The only trouble was that the stockings were pink, but still that wasn't so very terrible. But just the same something else mattered a whole lot and the Doctor did a little swearing when he found it out.

Well, he just sat and stewed for a minute and then he had an idea. He would make the chauffeur hook him up. Chauffeurs have to be handy fellows. Surely in a pinch like this he could help out.

So he told him to stop, first picking out a dark and deserted street. Then he got out and explained, as if it was a perfectly ordinary thing that he wanted his dress hooked up the back. He didn't know whether the chauffeur was a married man or not, but he figured that if he wasn't perhaps he had a sister, and that anyhow it wouldn't matter just this once.

But that chauffeur was too flabbergasted at first to do anything at all. Imagine picking up a wild sort of Buster Brown, driving a mile or so, and having a female impersonator in a silk hat get out and ask you to hook his dress up the back. It was too much. Even the chauffeur's mental machinery has a speed limit.

"Hurry," said the Doctor, pushing the dress together at the waist, just as he'd often seen his wife do.

GRADUALLY the chauffeur came to his senses. If he was sure before that he had a lunatic in his car, he was dead sure of it now. It was his turn to do some quick thinking. But he was used to that and he got the right idea first shot, just like one gets a quick explosion out of an engine that's in constant use.

"Say," he coaxed, "just get in and let me drive down to that lamp post, so I can see what I'm doing. It's too dark here."

Of course he didn't need to do that because he had his headlights right there, but his scheme was to get the maniac back into the car.

The Doctor was so excited that when the chauffeur wanted to drive to a lamp-post, he never thought about the headlights but just climbed right back into the taxi.

Then the driver got on his seat and headed for the nearest police station. Somehow he happened to know right where it was.

When the Doctor saw that the chauffeur didn't stop at the lamp post he couldn't imagine what was the matter, and he hollered through the speaking tube of the taxi. But that only made the poor, scared chauffeur push his throttle open another notch. Then the Doctor opened the door and yelled at him and swore in a frightfully unprofessional manner, but that didn't make the chauffeur go any faster, because he couldn't.

The Doctor then made a couple of desperate squirms trying to hook the dress up himself, but every woman knows how impossible that was, especially with the taxi bouncing about like a rubber ball.

While the Doctor was in the middle of one of his squirms they arrived at the police station, and for a minute he didn't notice that they had stopped.

A policeman was standing in front of the door. The chauffeur shouted at him.

"Say, come quick and help me. I've got a nut inside!"

Of course anyone else might have misunderstood and thought that there was something wrong with the machinery. But the copper knew right away that "nut" meant crazy man. Even if he hadn't he'd have "tumbled" all right when the door of the taxi opened. So just as Doctor Brown leaped out the policeman rushed for him, and with the help of the chauffeur, landed Dr. Brown in front of the desk sergeant. Then there was a great deal of loud talking. The chauffeur told his story and Doctor Brown told his, and finally succeeded in convincing the desk sergeant that he wasn't altogether dippy.

"Ye kin go," agreed the Sergeant. "But ye can't chase around the streets in that rig. It's against the law. Ye'll have to change back into what ye had before."

"All right," replied the Doctor, glad to get away. "It's in the car."

"How do I know that ye'll change?" queried the Sergeant.

"Tell the chauffeur to drive back here if I don't," returned the Doctor.

"Believe me, I will," the chauffeur declared.

"All right," replied the Sergeant. "Go along wit' ye."

They went out and the Doctor once more gave the chauffeur Mrs. Dinglethorn's address and told him to drive as fast as he could. The chauffeur started at once, but kept one eye on the Doctor to see that he obeyed orders.

While they were on the way, the Doctor changed back into the Buster Brown suit and he told his wife afterwards that if he had tried to wear that "figure" of Mrs. Cooper Danrib's a minute longer he would have died. He was probably right, for there was once a man who wore his wife's clothes all one evening on a bet, and they say that all the rest of his life he never spoke one single cross word to her.

WELL, of course there had been considerable hubbub at Mrs. Dinglethorn's all this time. Every ten seconds the maid had gone to the door and looked out and called back that there was nothing in sight. And every five minutes Miss Measelberry had run upstairs and told Mrs. Dinglethorn that Doctor Cosgrove was in the drawing room and she was sure he would be glad to do anything he could. And Mrs. Dinglethorn had been getting madder and madder at Doctor Brown, and finally she said to Dr. Cosgrove come up. So Miss Measelberry rushed down and gleefully told Doctor Cosgrove. She figured that this would get her the wedding ring that had so t

of passed her by for so many years, and release her from Mrs. Dinglethorn's domestic tyranny. But she was all wrong about that. Doctor Cosgrove didn't have the slightest intention that way at all.

Well, Doctor Cosgrove came into Mrs. Dinglethorn's room with his medicine case in his hand, and began asking her questions about what she'd eaten. She didn't like it at all. Doctor Brown never did that. He knew what the trouble was every time, because the maid would whisper to him as she opened the door, "Plum pudding," or "country sausage," or "baked ham," or spareribs and sauer-kraut," or whatever it was, and that was enough for Doctor Brown.

Still Mrs. Dinglethorn answered Doctor Cosgrove in a sort of a moan, and he got out some medicine and gave it to her and asked her if she felt any better. She said she didn't, and then they all stood around sort of awkward. Just then Doctor Brown's taxi arrived. The maid heard it first and rushed down to the door.

When she saw Doctor Brown get out in his Buster Brown costume with his medicine case in one hand, she threw up her hands and yelled. But that didn't stop the Doctor. He'd been through too many vicissitudes to be stopped by anything. He just rushed up the steps and into the house and up the stairs, two steps at a time, and into Mrs. Dinglethorn's room.

Mrs. Dinglethorn was lying there moaning, the hot water bag on the place where the strong pain was. Doctor Cosgrove and Miss Measelberry were hovering about, sympathizing and wondering if she'd care to see Doctor Brown, now that he was so late.

When he rushed into the room, Miss Measelberry screamed just like the maid did, and Doctor Cosgrove drew himself up and said in the most dignified way he could:

"Sir! What does this mean?"

ALL this startled Mrs. Dinglethorn so that she opened her eyes. Then she opened them a lot wider, and started to laugh. She really did have a sense of humor. Lots of fat women have. It's quite true that some sort of compensation goes with every misfortune.

Of course Doctor Brown started to explain, but he couldn't because Mrs. Dinglethorn just kept on laughing, only louder and louder. She shook and shook, and finally shook the hot water bag off the place where the strong pain was, and she nearly shook the bed to pieces, and herself out of it. The Doctor told his wife afterwards that she laughed for twenty minutes. He knew because he noticed the time by the clock on the dresser.

Doctor Brown, in accordance with the ethics of the profession, was trying to say that he'd withdraw since there was already someone in attendance, but he couldn't make anyone hear him, and he just stood there, looking more foolish and funny than ever.

Several times Doctor Cosgrove stupidly "butted in" and tried to tell Mrs. Dinglethorn that she would injure herself, but

she only waved him away and went on laughing.

About the time she got through the hardest of her laughing the chauffeur got nervous about his money and came into the house, and not finding anybody downstairs, he went up and came to Mrs. Dinglethorn's room.

"What does that man want?" demanded Mrs. Dinglethorn. "Is this something else to laugh at?"

"I want my fare," declared the chauffeur, not understanding what was going on.

DOCTOR BROWN started to dive into his pocket and then suddenly remembered that the pocket was away on a pleasure trip. There was a short pause.

"How much is it?" asked Mrs. Dinglethorn, guessing the trouble.

"Seven dollars on the meter and five for getting to the depot on time."

"It's not," contradicted the Doctor. "You didn't get there on time or this wouldn't have happened."

"Didn't he?" inquired Mrs. Dinglethorn. "Well, he deserves something for that. Jane, open my purse and give the man a twenty dollar bill. Why, this is worth a hundred dollars to me. I'm practically cured. I feel no pain at all."

"Yes, that medicine is very rapid and effective," puffed Doctor Cosgrove, seeing a chance.

"What'll I do with that suitcase and all those woman's clothes?" asked the chauffeur.

"Woman's clothes?" repeated Mrs. Dinglethorn. "What woman's clothes?"

"Bring them in," ordered the Doctor.

"Bring them up here," called Mrs. Dinglethorn.

The chauffeur took the money and went down and brought up Mrs. Danrib's things and then skipped right out just as quickly as he could, because he was still mighty uncertain about the mental condition of everybody in the house.

"What woman's clothes are they?" repeated Mrs. Dinglethorn, interested at once, the way a middle-aged woman is whenever she scents anything that seems like a mild and perfectly decent scandal.

Doctor Brown seemed to hesitate a little and Mrs. Dinglethorn saw at once that he didn't want to explain before Doctor Cosgrove. So she said graciously:

"I'm much obliged to you, Doctor Cosgrove, but I guess we won't need to trouble you any more."

Then he started to give her some instructions about the medicine and so forth, but she shut him right up and told him she was not in need of any more medicine. So he retreated in somewhat bad order, and then Mrs. Dinglethorn turned to Doctor Brown for his explanation.

Well, he tried to explain about Mrs. Danrib's clothes, without telling that he'd attempted to wear them, but Mrs. Dinglethorn showed remarkable cross-questioning ability, and finally dragged the whole story out of him, and then she laughed and leaped some more and nearly went into convulsions when he told about trying to get into Mrs. Danrib's figure, because you see, she knew Mrs. Danrib.

She begged the Doctor to give them a demonstration, but at that the Doctor got fearfully huffy and dignified, and Mrs. Dinglethorn's laughter got a fresh start because huffiness and dignity didn't go well with the Buster Brown suit.

FINALLY Mrs. Dinglethorn turned to the maid. "Jane," she said, "run down to the ice box and see if there isn't a piece of that cold mince pie left over. I'm beginning to have an appetite again."

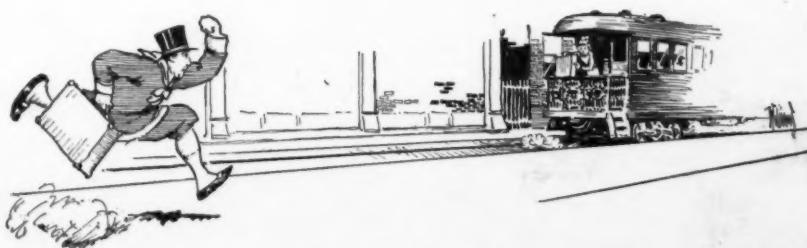
The maid said that there was a piece left and went downstairs for it, while the Doctor, of course, objected strongly, as was his duty. But it didn't do any more good than it ever did when he attempted to regulate Mrs. Dinglethorn's diet. She gave Doctor Cosgrove's medicine to poor Miss Measelberry and told her to throw it out, and then sat up and started to pitch into the cold mince pie.

But she took one bite and then began to laugh again.

"Doctor," she chuckled, "before I try to eat any more of this, you'll have to remove that silk hat."

The Doctor had totally forgotten the hat and he hastily grabbed it off, and Mrs. Dinglethorn went after the pie.

But the Doctor didn't wait. He just telephoned for another taxi and took Mrs. Danrib's clothes and suitcase and went home, feeling fairly sure that Doctor Cosgrove would no longer be the "bug" in his "butter," and absolutely certain that he had not lost his best patient after all.



The Punch and Judy Show

Like a Puppet-Master, the Minister Manipulates the Strings of Love and Brings Happiness to the Young Couple

THE minister smiled. It was a pathetic smile. The whole thing was reminiscent of a melodrama in which anybody at any time might well be the recipient of the well-aimed and well-popularized pie. It would have been funny if it had not been so sad. We are always delighted when the actors in a play get into all sorts of impossible difficulties. Sometimes we even laugh and say, "Pooh; They'll come out all right. It's only a picture."

Self-preservation is the first law of life. We, in our comfortable seats, quite safe from the numerous dangers besetting the people on the screen, can afford to be brave and carefree — for it does not affect us. Bravely, we sit through the most unbelievable ordeals, the bloodiest wars, the most appetizing murders, without a flicker of an eyelash. If things become so appalling that we begin to exercise a few of the emotions flashed across the magic sheet, on our own person—we simply take out a bag of Indian nuts, or an ordinary piece of gum, and attempt with alacrity to wear down the enamel on our teeth, while we assume as passionless an expression as possible.

People are not very easily disillusioned by the difficulties of other people. Alas! If people could only visualize *themselves* on the screen, how terribly heartbroken most of us would be. The greatest danger is in not realizing its presence.

The minister felt sad. These puppets of humanity here in his home were in great danger, and they were not good actors. They were comparable to those comic little characters we sometimes see dangling from the ends of a string in a Punch and Judy show. And the strings were in his hand . . .

The cause of the trouble was centered in the somewhat eccentric person of Mr. J. M. Sommers, who might be called—as the song-writers would put it—"the meanest man in town." Mr. Sommers, who had no romance in his soul, had just come—self-appointed—in the nick of time to the minister's house to save his daughter (who, strangely enough, was not beautiful, as the story books would have it, but good) from marrying one of the ardent enthusiasts of that popular song, "Brother, can you spare a dime," in spite of the fact that both the elopers did not have the slightest inclination to be saved.

The minister was determined to help them. He looked at the man who had undoubtedly caused the misunderstanding and studied him with a sort of detached interest, that was somehow characteristic of his every action. It was almost as if the minister kept some part of himself, some part of his soul in the dim but perhaps colorful memories of the past. The object of his present interest was then engaged in the

by
SAMUEL SHEFF

gentle art of what is most commonly known as bawling out his so-called prospective son-in-law for his lack of money. Tranquility, in these days of financial stress, is a lost art.

Money, like rich old fathers, should be independent. It should not go a-begging. Yet how true is the axiom that money calls to money. And how unfortunate that the reason for Mr. Sommers' apoplectic fit could not answer that call, but could only sit and take it all in, and wonder at the cynicism of a fate that had found it appropriate to make in the form of the father of the girl he loved, a veritable volcano of ceaseless steam. The minister seemed to picture Mr. Sommers dangling from the end of a string. The girl simply stared at her father with wonder at the knowledge that her own flesh and blood could take away the one thing she wanted to fulfil her cup of happiness.

"I certainly looked like a dry season for happiness cups," she reflected. Meanwhile her young man was doing some reflecting of his own. He recalled an old saying, "One does not have to lay an egg to know a good one from a bad one." And Mr. Sommers could, no doubt, be placed in the latter category.

The minister reflected that he had a tough fight, his antagonist being money, so he decided to use the weapon God had given him —Love.

The entire gathering was seated in large comfortable chairs in the minister's favorite room, the living room. He loved its tranquil peacefulness, its home-like atmosphere, the blazing fireplace, and the serene beauty of it all. "There was something peaceful," thought the minister wistfully, "about a good old-fashioned fireplace that somehow could not be likened to anything else in this world. One saw there one's dreams, one's memories, flame like a frenzy in the logs, and then—like cold ashes—die down into utter oblivion."

Like his room, the minister was a quiet, tranquil old man; a tall, spare, white-haired gentleman, with a dominating look of supreme understanding and tolerance in his eyes; a man who went along the narrow path of life, picking up those who had fallen by the wayside—with no reward other than love, his fee.

Patiently he listened to them all until they had appeased their souls to their own satisfaction and the minister's great discomfort; then they stopped, and everything became as dead as the passion of a forgotten

love, and as shut as a clam's mouth. When they had all done, he acknowledged their misunderstandings and sighed:

"Your story is not a new one, my dear friends; it is universal and eternal, and the lesson is always the same—let love be. Let them marry, Mr. Sommers." The minister was gentle yet firm.

Mr. Sommers stood up to his full height, sixty-three inches of impotent rage and dignified astonishment. "What!" he almost screamed. "Have my daughter marry a penniless young scamp! Let love be—bah! Let it be d—!"

He sat down, unable to say any more, and it did not help matters any to find that, when he looked over at his daughter, she was innocently holding hands with the object of her love, and the cause of his apoplexy.

The minister smiled sympathetically. "Love," he said, "should certainly not be discouraged because of the lack of money. I have known it to be fatal."

"What," asked the girl's father a bit cynically, yet in a manner befitting a Menace, "do you know about a young girl's foolish infatuation?"

The minister counted ten. After all, he was only human. Still it would have been somewhat undignified for a minister to sock a gentleman on the nose. But when he spoke it was in his most gentle tone, as if he were speaking to a child:

"You force me," he replied, "to tell you the story of a couple I once knew. It is a sad tale, and their sacrifice never fails to bring a pain to my ancient heart. However, if it will help you, my friend, if it can find a response in a heart which must be human, it will have been told to good avail."

"Do tell us!" urged the female spokesman for the young couple, instinctively sensing the hopeful arrival of something which they very much needed and welcomed—a friend.

THE Menace didn't say anything. He was impatient to go home with his daughter. From time to time he looked nervously at the large clock over the fireplace, and remembered that he had to be back at the office, where there was money to be made. His time was valuable. Besides, he had no sympathy for an old man's sentiment. Mr. Sommers chewed on his big black cigar.

"Human nature," began the minister without any hesitation, "even amidst the terrific maelstrom of modern life, always stops for a moment, and taking its hand from the wheels of progress, smiles in a submissive silence of humble gratitude and thankful appreciation at the charm of a sweetness such as is in the presence of

(Please turn to page 306)

Art and Business--Allies or Not?

*The Art of Every Day is
Not an Exotic Pastime
Merely for the
Wealthy*

by ALBERT S. KENDALL

EVERYONE today, by the very nature of his surroundings, must take some interest in art. We make and choose our environment, selecting the things we use to make our lives more useful, comfortable or luxurious. This selection at once involves the exercise of taste and, at this point, art comes knocking at the doors of our intelligence first, presenting a choice of articles, good and bad—second, educating our taste by steadily improving the available choice, and third, by creating a respect and an admiration for good design in the manufactured products so plentifully set before our eyes.

This art every day is not an exotic pastime, reserved for the connoisseur or the dilettante—it is not expensive nor particularly unusual. It has its place among the daily things of life, and its part therein is steadily growing more important and more indispensable.

Two agencies—the museum and the store lay before us the story past and present of this every day art. The first treasures and preserves for us the finer things of other days, the second offers a fascinating and ever changing display of today's efforts, both good and bad.

The refinement of the department store of the present day has been a subtle phenomenon—so subtle that it has hardly occurred to any one to watch it—still less to record its progress. How far the store creates or how far it only reflects the art of the present day is a question—at best it is a supersensitive mirror, quick to catch a gleam, a hint, a mere flicker of suggestion—it has imitation, quantity production and distribution to a showman's art. It may be an aesthetic education to those naturally infirm in taste, leading them to choose more wisely as well as more often. A store with imagination puts on each day a new and astonishing performance collaborated between itself and its customers.

The store is in very fact another museum displaying to a captious and inarticulate public the efforts and standards of today's factory production. Here, at the counter, industry and art meet and endeavor to sell themselves anew to a cross section of the public. Here, art becomes an economic necessity, because its contribution to industry meets a demand of the public, helps the sale of the goods and increases the volume of business. This sort of art has little in common with what we are accustomed to call great art, but rather con-



A corner of the Gainsborough Galleries in New York showing a few of the famous paintings on display there

cerns itself with the improvement of quality in ordinary art. It certainly contributes largely to our comfort, convenience and pleasure.

A NEW method of manufacture, of supply and distribution has arisen to serve better our new conditions of life, but the change had first to wreak a curious havoc upon the finer aspects of the older life. The struggle to master and overcome the hardships of frontier life, the rapid growth of towns and cities, the greed of men for power and riches, the beginning of machine inventions, starting production of goods in quantities, which required larger markets—these things have conspired to put an end to hand craftsmanship on any large scale. They also transferred the emphasis from quality to quantity—and in such an atmosphere art fell ill from neglect. Science and invention held the stage. As artists, we became experts in copying the dry bones of the past, because nothing new

would sell—no one was interested in the new in art, but in imitating the old. Thus developed a class of specialists whose ability in design consisted of a perfect knowledge of an art that someone else had originated.

This somewhat helpless state of artistic ability is still in evidence, but of late years, since the beginning of the century, more or less—artists have been less and less satisfied with the forms of other days—and more and more interested in finding new ones to express new ideas more in line with the new things evident in all the walks of life.

This new feeling—or modernism—among the artist fraternity, has stirred up similar unrest in other walks of life. The war's upheaval only intensified the change, and scattered its echoes all over the world.

Industry was busy making and selling the new gadgets developed in bewildering variety by the astounding advance in technical skill. Industry also had a powerful ally—always ahead of it—seeking new markets—creating new desires, and search-

ing out new ways and means of talking about them in a more alluring manner. This advance guard of industry is advertising.

THE goal of advertising is selling—and one means to that end is attractiveness. The message must be seen and the best means is an advertisement that catches and pleases the eye by reason of its good arrangement—in short, by its artistic quality. And so the advertising men call in the artist to aid in giving them this desirable quality in their output. Artists were first employed for products which were in themselves beautiful—or which were designed to furnish beauty—but before long the practice spread to all kinds of goods—even to those having no beauty themselves. Here, both the artist and the advertising men, now working together, were faced with a new problem—that of presenting to their public in an attractive way, articles and products that had no artistic appeal at all.

Two methods of procedure presented themselves—to change over the goods so as to increase their appeal—and to change the type of appeal so as to suggest attractiveness. Both have been followed successfully—advertising seldom misses a chance.

This development and progress of advertising has had far reaching consequences. It has directly influenced the taste of the public—indirectly affected the production of the goods.

Pressure on the manufacturer was constant to improve the looks—and the design of his product—so it would advertise more effectively and also sell better. It was urged that if good design and color made the advertising more acceptable—then the same qualities would add equally to the sale of the goods. It was reasonable. It was evident that the public eagerly accepted the idea—packages were redesigned—color given to old established commonplace articles—and more slowly machinery was scrap-

ped to make place for new tools which made new and better shaped goods. New design came into being for all sorts of goods—typewriters—towels—telephones, fountain pens, bath rooms, refrigerators, radios, boilers, as well as furniture and draperies, and this change is to be noted as something quite different from any mechanical improvement. Little could be done so—they were nearly perfect in utility and efficiency—but much could be done to make them more attractive. Instead of the cold rather characterless implements to which we were accustomed—we now have color and design, without sacrifice of efficiency, and in consequence, more goods are sold.

This development opened an entirely new field for the artist and immensely broadened his influence and his usefulness. No longer cloistered in the studio, making by hand—one at a time—objects of art for the privileged few—he is beginning to design for the machine—taking a step forward—bringing his art to the great mass of the people—improving their taste and making his art alive respected by the merchants first, because it sells, and also by the buyer, because it satisfies.

MACHINES have long been cursed by art lovers till we almost believe that nothing made by machine can be good from the art standpoint. This is one of the wails of our older cloistered art. There is no essential difference between the most complicated of our machines and a simple hammer and anvil—both are tools and both produce as the master of each directs. The real difference is in the quality of the product. Your machine stolidly stamps out hour after hour, what it has been set to make—a good design or a poor one. Might it not just as well be a good one? The difficulty is to change or improve the product of the machine—if its product is ugly and needs improvement, the change requires great skill and understanding on the part of the artist who undertakes the task.

The machine however is another matter altogether. The workman cannot change the product—his interest is only with the operation and care of the machine. He is not concerned with the design of the things he makes—perhaps even he never sees the finished article.

If any change is to be made in machine made products toward greater beauty as well as toward greater utility, it will have to be done by influencing the man at the top—the owner of the machine. The manufacturer must be made acquainted with the sales value of beauty—enough so perhaps to induce him to scrap his machinery and underwrite the cost of newer and better equipment, to produce goods more in line with modern ideas of harmony and beauty.

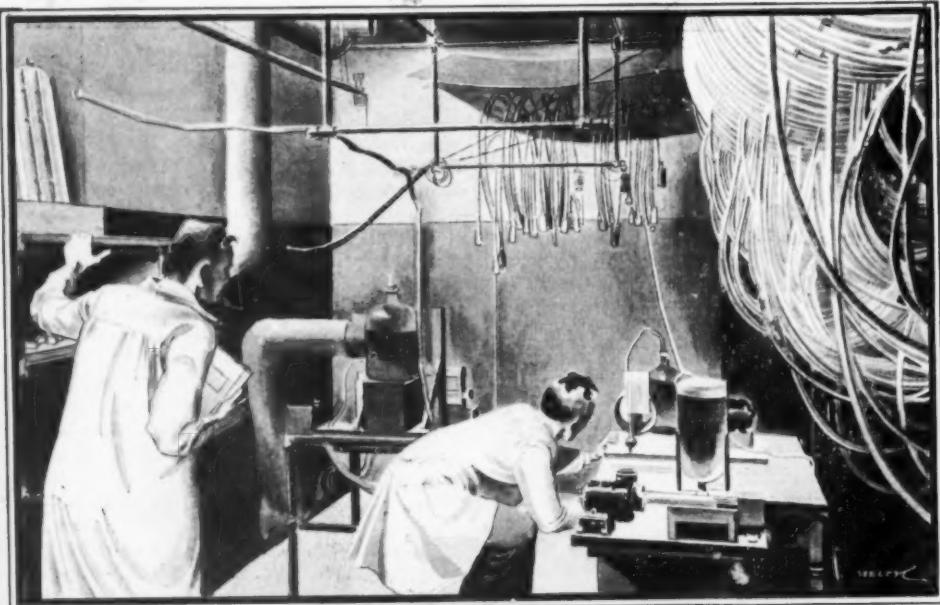
IN spite of results which are occasionally distressing—merely well meant efforts in making over a thousand products in new form and new color have had magical results—showing how ready the public is to welcome some measure of beauty in its surroundings. They are awaking to the conviction that for long we have been surrounding ourselves with divers ingenious devices which, while they greatly increased our comfort, were in general ugly and commonplace. Something more than mere efficiency is demanded—not only must there be no sacrifice in utility, but there must be the addition of beauty in shape, color and arrangement, which will harmonize with our ideas of luxury.

Mr. Ford's experience in redesigning the Ford car is perhaps the most outstanding instance of the effect of this rising demand on the part of the public for better design—it is one of the seven thousand wonders of the modern world how Ford, after years of the efficient model T—spent huge sums to scrap his old machinery and to instal new for the making of a new car designed along lines—and in a short time has made good his losses with a new car which at least is far more attractive than the model T.

This new expression of art in advertising and art in industry is still in infancy, and one would be bold indeed to attempt to say in what manner or how greatly it may develop. We call it commercial art and thereby put it in its narrow pigeon hole, labeling it commonplace, a mere raid on the pocket book, through the eye. There are however, certain features of this art effort which mean much—and which have within them the power to continue the impetus already begun—they are its wide distribution—the fact that it meets a need and sells itself, and the fact that behind it is the greatest force in our modern life, business, which is seemingly ready and willing to support it.

The broad distribution which is characteristic of this, our art of common things, is more important than we think. The number of people who not only see it, but use it daily, makes it a vital factor in modern life.

We find in our museums paintings by the greatest artists of the middle ages and modern times—also sculpture by the masters of the ages. It is no more than right that these things should be saved and pre-



Industry of today must ally itself with art in the production of modern manufactures.

served as examples of the highest attainments of art, but even in their own day—when they were new—these things reached only a few who might see them—today they are seen by fewer still—compared to the multitudes of our present day populations.

Whatever there is of beauty and of art in advertising and in the commercial products so widely distributed by mass production and distribution is brought—nay forced—to the attention of millions, not occasionally, but constantly—it becomes a vital factor in their daily lives because it is a part of their daily interests—their constant associations and absorbing occupations.

And beauty and any art which we, today are to develop, must grow out of our industrialized civilization—from which it must derive its vitality. If it does so develop, it will be as natural an expression of these times as the art of Greece was of theirs.

A really beautiful, low priced automobile is worth more to the people artistically than a museum full of the choicest art of antiquity. The first is alive—in use and its very existence is precursor of others to come into being—while the other is dead—exotic, preserved for the eyes of those few of us who have the interest to seek it out.

The artist, as always, is concerned with the things people believe in most, the things that dominate man's minds and condition their thinking, because there only can he find a market and sell his goods.

IN the middle ages the church and war were the most powerful interests and they—especially the church—drew art to its propaganda, together with politics, wealth, politics, wealth and literature. The church became almost the only profitable field for the artist, and we find the greatest of them catering to the market for religious pictures, altar pieces, triptychs and the adornment of the palaces and gardens of the Popes, Prelates Cardinals and Princes of the day. Europe's galleries are full of these paintings, little else remains of the art of the days before the reformation. Madonnas, saints, Crucifixions, follow each other till the monotony of subject detracts from our interest, or at least the interest becomes centered more in the artist than in his subject matter.

Business, I believe, can be quite as stimulating a patron of art as the prelates and princes of the 15th century. If it will do so, the art growing out of that partnership will become a part of our daily life and fit in with the needs of our scheme of existence—and therein will be more important for us than any of the art of past ages.

The place of art in our industrial world is daily becoming more firmly established, experimental work is largely over and the products of the factory are quietly and steadily being improved in design—yet how long is the list of manufactured articles waiting for the touch, which after all costs so little, but adds so much to acceptance and marketability.

Why is it that machine made articles are at first almost universally ugly, and why are so many things that must be colored to protect the surfaces, originally painted black? It has been found that color adds

to the attractiveness of many articles. Fountain pens, cook stoves, refrigerators, bath room fittings, as well as textiles, sell better and have a wider appeal in colors than without. While not all use of color is good, it is an important item in improved design—and, of course, the easiest change to make in the factory routine. Changes in shape come more slowly, as they require more drastic changes in the manufacturers' processes, but they come no less surely.

BEAUTY in man made things must always be the result of conscious thinking, and the thinking at first is concentrated on the utility of the thing—with beauty riding behind. There is, of course, a certain beauty in perfect utility—the engineer's beauty—perfect adaptation of an article to its purpose—even this, however, does not arrive spontaneously—it, too, must be the result of effort.

It is not many years since the beginning of this new interest in art on the part of industry—yet, look at what has already been accomplished. The store of today exhibits for us an infinite variety of goods which have been improved, at least, by this attention to design.

Housing and shelter bulk largely in our modern life, and here a lot has been done and progress is rapid. Chicago is going to show us much in this line that is new, before this year has passed into history. The list of materials, new forms and new applications in building materials is too long to enumerate here, but the possibilities open to designers in these material are fascinating.

For our new houses we shall need new furniture, modern, appropriate and perfectly adapted to its use. Much is being done in this line, the designs, at first a little bizarre, are being constantly improved upon with better understanding—which begets a wider appreciation on the part of the buying public. Gradually, we are coming to see that it is an anachronism to put a modern radio into an antique grandfather's clock, or to house a telechron works in a banjo clock case. Our new inventions should have new ideas to clothe them, else, we confess as designers a poverty of ideas. We must scrap our antiques as design inspiration—not because they have no beauty—they have, but it is a beauty of another age. We must create our own beauty to fit our own manner of living—our modern environment. If art and artists fail to do this—if they still continue to exhibit poverty of ideas by copying their design from the creations of the past—then they will fail to keep up with the progress of science—of technology—and they will fail to make modern art effort worthy of notice in the sequence of effort which we call the history of art.

Much may be said of other lines of design effort—in upholsteries, rugs, glassware, tableware, and in such more prominent features in our lives as ocean liners—air transport station—and gasoline distributors.

The filling stations that so often deface the corner sites in our villages are in many instances made less objectionable—and in

a few almost beautiful—through much remains to be done here as elsewhere.

The new Leviathans of ocean travel are far ahead of railroads in the uses of modern art with its new forms and expressions. Air travel has found it necessary to adopt new forms for its new necessities, and is adding its bit to the artists' new found freedom from old styles and traditions. The field is tremendous and still widening, the surface as yet hardly scratched.

Tomorrow's reviewer looking back on today's industrial art will be able to discover what, to our eyes, is perhaps invisible, the connection between modernism and the other sequences which, together, constitute the history of art. Today, we often hear the statement that the salvation of art consists in cutting loose from the past—in scrapping all past art and starting anew. Such an idea can do nothing but stunt growth, and can be held only by the immature poseur or by the mediocre performer. The designer of today must study and know all past art, for there alone can we find and learn the principles which must guide and underlie his own successful work. He will not copy or even imitate the forms of historical art, for they do not fit his new conditions, but he will realize that the old as well as the new profited by design, by quality, by workmanship and by the fact that they met a demand, sold their product and made a living thereby.

WE know that in the last fifty years men have been frantically devoted to science, to the development of technology, and that this concentration while making a curious havoc on the artistic side of life, has resulted in a fabulous increase in new materials and in ways and means of distributing these things among the people.

Again, we can set down the chief characteristic of today's industrial art, quantity production by machines, and its wide effect on design. We can note that the machine is merely a tool, producing forms and patterned by men, and that the quality of its product is to be measured only by the ability and technique of the manipulators.

Also, it is quite evident that while antique forms of beauty are more widely understood than ever—still, designers and makers of industrial products are finding these forms less valuable in expressing the needs and aspirations of today's way of life, and the public is gradually coming to the point where they eagerly accept the new forms and new designs.

Finally, the future chronicle will record the fact that the designer of today did learn the correct use of the machine as a tool to produce naturally, but with conscious effort on the part of the designer, objects adapted to machine production, that we did profit by the technical progress of the laboratory and the factory in providing a host of new materials for our use, and that we did find a new way of using form, design and color, different from any other, that we did rescue the art of common things from an abyss of antiquarian romanticism, and provide it with imagination and vitality enough to play its part in presenting the story of a life and thought all vehemently differentiated from their predecessors in history.

A Visit With a Poet Laureate

(Continued from page 287)

away with him on the wind, over the hills, up dale and down dale, in and out of caves and among trees. One can truly see the greenness of the forest, can feel the softness of the grass and the harshness of the brush through which the fox is fleeing.

Another color note is struck by the description of Reynard himself, and the depiction of the pursuing hunters in their red jackets.

Then there is the sense of serenity, of homeliness, in the word picture of the dawn through which the fox wanders before the chase begins. He is pursuing life in its natural course—and the smoke arises from cottage chimneys, cocks crow, early travelers ride ghostlike upon the country roads. Reynard has not yet known the terror of being pursued.

RELUCTANTLY, I come to the close of the lecture. Masefield was greeted with a thunder of applause which any artist, which Paderewski, might envy.

There was a rush to back-stage by scores of young students and admirers, seeking his autograph, but Masefield escaped, like the two out of three foxes in the tale he told.

Now comes the recital of a great opportunity and special privilege which marks January eighteenth as a Red Letter Day. I am eternally indebted to my friend, Joe Mitchell Chapple, who needs no introduction as a man who is internationally known and loved as a publisher, author, lecturer, and man.

Instead of calling upon Masefield in the environment of a hotel room or in the haste of packing to catch a train, we saw him after he had been cosily ensconced in a Pullman car, enroute to Bowdoin College, the Alma Mater of Longfellow. Masefield was immersed in the reading of an old volume, evidently a favorite of his, as it was heavily underlined. He rose to greet us, and never was a host in his own home more gracious than was John Masefield in the Pullman car.

The pictures of John Masefield do not do him justice. They somehow conceal his personality, the fineness of his features, the aesthetic quality of his face. He is dignified but gracious-looking, interested, kind even to such as my modest self. It is the same with his voice. Pleasing as it was through the medium of the transmitter in the great hall, it seemed changed when greeting him in person, became mellow, more richly sympathetic.

Masefield is a man of years. There is no thought of age when meeting him. He does not look like a Poet Laureate in the glory of his triumph except for the dreamy eyes of the poet which are his. Yet one feels instinctively his greatness and his quality of true gentlemanliness.

There is something about him that reminds one of Arthur J. Balfour, the phil-

osopher and literary genius who was premier of Great Britain. John Masefield expressed his pleasure at the appreciativeness of his audience at the reading the evening before. Such a knowledge must mean a great deal to a man who so loves his calling.

In the precious memorial moments numbering twenty, John Masefield told four Scotch stories in a perfect dialect, with twinkling eyes, showing his appreciation of Scotch humor. He told these without changing the serene expression of his face.

A reference to the days on the *Manchester Guardian* was evoked when Joe Mitchell Chapple recalled his pilgrimage to Ardwick Green in Manchester in search of an advertisement for Oriental toothpaste which later had a sale in the United States, thanks to the advertising contract then and there secured. "Red toothpaste," said the Poet Laureate, which observation I judge is the English synonym for "pink toothpaste." So, great as he is, nothing apparently escapes him. Such a tribute would have made "Amos 'n' Andy" green with envy if it had only been applied to a certain American toothpaste.

Perhaps his humanness and sympathy spring partly from the fact that he was once a hack-writer and cub reporter on that same *Manchester Guardian*, and knows the meaning of work and the struggle to succeed. His imagination was salted with realism, though sweetened by the innate genius which is his.

So it is with awe and pardonable pride that I relate, to me, an important part of the inspiring chapter. I have in my possession, and with me at the time, a valued letter headed "Boars' Hill, Oxford, England," and signed, "J. Masefield." This I had received, a deeply appreciated letter, to be always treasured, in reference to my book of verse, "Kiss o' Hollow Hours and Other Poems." Graciously, Mr. Masefield greeted me, "What about your new book?"

AND this he reiterated, with good wishes, upon parting. Such a thing is too deeply inspirational to express adequately.

He took my book, and in response to our compliments on his charming recital of "Reynard the Fox", in particular, he laid it on the back of a Pullman chair, and with a slow-moving but sure pen drew a man on horseback hurdling a fence, proving himself something of an artist. Beneath this, the simple signature, "J. Masefield," and the date.

There is no need to say that the autographed book is a prized possession, always to be cherished. But the memory of meeting John Masefield in person far surpasses the possession of even this treasured inscription, for in that memory is that subtle something in which we feel the great universality and simplicity of John Masefield as revealed in this face to face contact that leaves a picture on Memory's Walls, indelibly impressed, etched deep with a rich remembrance.

The limits of an inspiring interview were marked by the leaving of the train. And thus we left an unfinished story.

"Dick Whittington"

(Continued from page 286)

The Anderson home "Weld" at Brookline, Commonwealth Avenue in Boston and the spacious house on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington have been the meeting place for many eminent in varied art and philan-



Mrs. M. H. Gulesian
Composer of the music for "Dick Whittington"

thropic activities in the atmosphere of hospitality characteristic of host and hostess.

Although the play "Dick Whittington" is suffused with the quaint dialogue and scenes of the fifteenth century, it is attuned to a modern tempo with its gay rollicking spirit that has already caught the fancy of the twentieth century America in its initial production.

It remained for this American author to provide one of the most fascinating settings of a romance associated with the Mother Country. There is no doubt that its presentation in England will occasion the same interest and enthusiasm that followed its successful presentation in the United States.

The music with the rollicking choruses, and especially the sprightly songs, have a fascinating appeal to old and young alike, which are certain to find favor with music lovers everywhere, associated as it is with the romantic revelations in Mrs. Anderson's musical extravaganza, perpetuating the fame of the fascinating "Dick Whittington."

The premier production at the Boston Opera House in February by the students of the Junior Class of Boston College was a great success. It was given with the verve and spirit of youth. Under the management of Mr. M. H. Gulesian, the production proved a financial success with the cooperation of students from the various colleges. The large audiences left the Opera House with the refrains of the fascinating music, tuneful and yet modern, ringing in their ears.

The Punch and Judy Show

(Continued from page 298)

your daughter's personality. You will pardon an old man's sentiment when I say that the young lady in the story I am about to relate can be placed in the same category as your daughter." And the minister smiled at her. He was quite a human minister. The poetic fluency of his words was, to say the least, quite charming.

The girl thanked him with her eyes, then looked at her young man who, in turn, gave her a look of such adoration that it would veritably have made a turtle lovesick for a mate. Not to be outdone, she looked at him in such a manner as to make the turtle turn over in its puddle and die of jealousy. It was not very difficult to gather that this couple were very young, very naive, and very much in love, and certainly deserving of a chance for happiness. One felt that ministers were very nice, reliable things to have around the house. He was looking after a worthy cause.

"Yet this fine girl," continued the minister, as the fireplace made pleasant noises while the flame made its way into the heart of the log, "was not afraid—like a feathered bird—to leave the cage of conventional propriety to roam free and unhampered by the bars of restraint, in her pitiful quest of happiness. She did not ask for riches. She did not even ask for love. She merely offered love . . . And when the time came she did not hesitate to give it to a young man in much the same circumstances as this one. He was extremely poor. She was extremely rich. And her father was extremely unromantic, and even went so far as to order the young man out when he approached him for a job.

WHEN this happened the girl left the father and, forgetting her pride, went to her young man and lived with him for months in a miserable flat sharing his poverty not as a scarlet mistress, but as something more sacred and courageous than marriage itself. God knows on what they existed. They could not even think of getting married. They were passionately happy just being together. Although at times they were miserably sad with self-pity. A few stolen months, a few ecstacies to be remembered in the future when love, like a fettered bird, had taken wings and flown back into the cage of conventional propriety—one final fling at that fantastic thing called love—and the world well lost—that's all they asked of life.

"Still, it could not last forever. Fear is a warning. And they were afraid of the future. Instinctively, they felt the end drawing near. They began to dread the day when they would have to part. Often each other's eyes and drink deep . . . telling each other that nothing—nothing could they would look long and searchingly into ever wholly mar the beautiful tranquility of their lovely moments together . . . could ever take away their memories . . ."

The inevitable finally happened. The girl's father found the young man alone one day, and without the least remorse, of-

fered him in cold blood, a sum of money to give him back his daughter. The poor boy was so startled, that for a while he was speechless. When he regained his tongue they had a scene, of course, and when the boy informed him that he could not bribe love with money the girl's father laughed in his face. Evidently, the girl's father considered it cheaper to break his daughter's heart than to see her happily married.

"Cynical and bitter, the boy who had only wanted a job and a chance for happiness, began to think in terms of money himself. He began to reflect on everything—even love—in terms of currency. Sometimes he wondered whether there was a broken heart for every dollar in the bank. He wondered sadly if love was simply a Gold Standard. Finally he became so despondent that, in a fit of insanity, he accepted this offer, and even bargained for a better price, claiming that he underestimated the value of his daughter's charms on the love market. The girl's father promised to pay him when he had assumed possession of his daughter. He would pay him, in other words, C. O. D. He was a business man first, last, and always.

The very next day the boy told her to get out, with as much abruptness and acidity as possible. At first she thought he was joking, but when he insisted in a manner that could not be mistaken, she became hysterical, and laughed and cried in fits of variation. She pleaded with him, spoke to him of their great love, recalled their vows and promises. It was like taking blood from a stone. He was adamant. And finally, in despair, she jumped on the bed and muffling her heart rending sobs in the pillow, refused to leave.

"Later, when her passion had been spent, and she—in a jokingly fatalistic manner—asked him to let her stay until her beautiful blonde hair was full grown to her bosom, he was so touched that he agreed. But, of course, her father pressed the bargain. However, the young man let her stay until one night, he awoke with a start, to find her sitting on the edge of the bed, with a large scissors in her hand—cutting her hair!

"The next morning the girl, regaining some of her pride, left to enter into a life of cheap affairs, and degradation. She lived profitably for some time on her charm and youth. When that was gone, she went from bad to worse—and finally became a woman of the streets."

THe minister coughed, and taking out a handkerchief, blew his nose.

"What happened to her lover?" asked the girl.

"Oh, you mean poor Frank," said the minister, absently. "Only too late he discovered that he still loved the fine girl and probably always would. He searched for her for a number of years, and then joined the ministry to repent."

There was an unholy quiet save for the howling of the wind outside, and the crackling of the flames in the fireplace. Suddenly



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ly—like a pistol shot—Mr. Sommers spoke—his voice dry and cracked—"What—what happened to the girl's father?"

"Oh—nothing," replied the minister. "He is still a very successful business man and has scads of money." He looked very sad as if he were about to cry. The young couple sniffed. "Yes," repeated the minister in a deadly monotonous voice, "he has plenty of money . . ."

He said it as if he were condemning someone to a veritable doom. It was as if he were a judge. With a look of sorrow on the perspiring countenance of the poor Mr. Sommers, he turned his gaze to the fireplace and paid no further attention to anybody in the room. The fate of Mr. Sommers hung on the salvation of his soul. His small, eccentric form was dangling precariously—but the strings were in good hands.

Absently, the master of their destiny extracted a piece of paper in which was hidden a small wisp of hair, at which he looked long and earnestly. There was a pathetic smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

Mr. Sommers got up and began pacing the room. Suddenly he went over to the kindly old man, and disregarding his own manners, looked over his shoulders and satisfied his curiosity as to the object which so held the man's attention. He saw it—a small wisp of blonde hair. "What," he asked, "is your name?"

"Er—what?" Hastily the minister put away the small package.

"I asked you what is your name?" suggested Mr. Sommers, with very little Demon in his tone.

"Oh—er—why my name is Frank," replied the clergyman.

THE following week the couple were joined in holy matrimony in the little church, with all due ceremony befitting two lovers who knew what they wanted and had the courage to reach for it.

Immediately after the wedding, the radiant couple drove off triumphantly in a huge limousine and steered their course straight to the home of the minister, who was delighted to see them and accepted their check for one thousand dollars with an even greater delight.

"That," declared the young man, "was the best bit of acting that you ever executed in your entire career of acting."

The minister took off his wig and laughed, whereupon they joined him in huge guffaws of merriment. For the minister was, in truth, a young actor out of work whose one desire was to get as much as possible of that which is called "the root of all evil."

"What," asked the newly married couple, "do you intend to do with the money?"

The young actor smiled. "Er—why, I'm going to be married. This money will help to win over the somewhat irate feelings of a problematic and very unromantic father-in-law."

The young man smiled. It was a pathetic smile . . .

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Romance and Adventures of the "Carib Queens"

(Continued from page 288)

and toes, and mutilated his body. Finally they thrust the remains into a old bag and carried it to Port au Prince. When they arrived there, they threw the bag, with its gruesome contents, down in the public square before the state house.

"What is that?" inquired a small boy.

"That is the body of Jean Jacques," the soldiers replied.

"What! the emperor?" gasped the crowd.

"Yes."

The multitude was awestruck! The great Dessalines, they had worshiped! The conqueror of the French! The emperor of Haiti!

Then the crowd tiptoed about.

"That's the emperor's body," they whispered.

Because of the awe in which even his mutilated body was held, they did not touch it, and it laid there all day.

The news of the assassination traveled all day too. It traveled to far off Cap Haitian, and Défilée heard it.

At nightfall she arrived at Port au Prince.

"Where is our emperor?" she demanded.

"There!" replied the crowd in unison and in awestruck whispers; and pointed to the bag. Défilée gave one agonizing cry and fell on

the mutilated form with groans. All night she laid there, and the people of Port au Prince came to look at the pair—the quick and the dead—came in curiosity and departed in awe.

As on another night, the stars rose, traveled, sunk and paled. The dawn flushed the sky.

With the rising sun, something of the old Défilée returned. She seized the bag, swung it to her shoulder and staggered toward the public burial place. There she found a spade and with it started to dig a grave. A half-grown boy, who had seen her grief and was touched by it, approached, took the spade from her hands and finished the job. As he was about to lower the bag with its gruesome contents into the grave, Défilée arose from the ground where she had been sitting in her grief, took from some part of her person a dried poinsettia blossom, and opening the bag, thrust it into it.

"This flower has always been the gift of parting," she said.

When the grave was filled, Défilée departed—disappeared—and neither history or tradition has anything farther concerning her.

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Can Congress Alienate The Philippines

(Continued from page 290)

rose to 17,537; while in 1925, again under General Wood the deaths from cholera in the Islands numbered only 6.

ONE of the Filipino leaders said some years ago in a public address, that he would rather his people would live in "hell" with their own government, than live in heaven under any other government. That may have been oratory, but now that they are faced with the dire results which will follow this independence bill, he must reach a different conclusion. If there were no other result from the enactment of this bill, than the loss of their free trade opportunity in the United States, it would be a great disaster to them. But there are many other results which will follow. For example, the Chinese exclusion act passed by Congress applies to the Philippine Islands, and the Chinese cannot come there because of that law. With independence in the Philippines that law, of course, will no longer be applicable, and there will be no method by which the Filipinos can keep the Chinese from infiltrating the whole Island. I think the greatest optimists would not call the Filipinos businessmen. With Chinese opposition the Filipino need not hope to engage in business hereafter. I am saying nothing about the desires of the Chinese government. I am assuming that the Chinese government as such will not wish to obtain the Philippine Islands. That may be true of Japan, but not of China. The danger from China is from the Chinaman who is looking for an opportunity to better his own personal condition in life. The danger from Japan is that Japan needs more territory for her teeming millions. She has not shown any disposition recently to be afraid to reach out for it. Why should she not desire the Philippines with her marvelous natural resources. The Philippines contain wonderful forests of which Japan is almost destitute.

The Philippines will meet other difficulties. In the first place, they will have much greater need for governmental revenues. Now the United States takes care of their diplomatic and consular service; with independence they will have to have a service of their own; the United States has furnished soldiers and the protection of its navy. With increased necessity for revenues the Islands will have very much less revenues because of the decrease in their trade. A very large part of the revenues at present are used for the purpose of education. For that reason the youth of the Islands have been given an opportunity which their fathers never knew. There are some 1,300,000 children in the public schools of the Islands. As revenues are reduced, many of these schools will have to be closed. Public works will have to be curtailed. There will be no further development of fine roads in the islands which enables the natives to move their products and themselves from place to place. Taking it all in all, it is inevitable that the economic success of the



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Philippine Islands must be greatly retarded.

A fact that has been completely lost sight of by the framers of this bill, is that the population of the Islands is not homogeneous. There are some 450,000 Moros, who occupy the Southern Islands exclusively, and who claim, I believe with truth, when they surrendered to General Bates at the time of American occupation, that he promised them that they would not be compelled to come under the rule of the Christianized Filipino, but that they would remain under the American government. They are as definitely opposed to Filipino rule now as they were then. Also there are in the Islands some 750,000 Igorots, who are very friendly to the American government but are very much opposed to Filipino rule. In addition to this the Christian population of the Islands is divided into many tribes who speak different dialects, and who have little in common. One can hardly visualize the results of this bill without seeing the extreme danger of racial disturbances within the Islands, because of the handing over of the government to one section of the population.

I HAVE heretofore said nothing about the interests of Americans in the Philippine Islands, but I should refer to the fact that Americans have \$250,000,000 invested in the Islands, with the encouragement of and often at the instigation of the American government. I have not referred to the fact that the Philippines are the greatest market of cotton goods that we have in the world.

This bill has been enacted by Congress in the name of justice, but it is the last word in injustice, both to the Filipinos and the American people. It is not only unwise; it is immoral. It sends these people whom we have told the world we were going to put on their feet, and give an opportunity that they never had before, to the abject condition thus created.

Some interesting and conclusive briefs have been written on this question, and at least one Senator of the United States discussed it upon the floor of the United States Senate during the debate on this bill; but question of constitutionality was brushed aside by a Congress that was more inter-

ested in the politics of the situation than it was in the legality of it. May I express the hope that some one will be brave enough to go to the Supreme Court of the United States and obtain from them a decision upon this all important question, as to whether or not Congress has the power to alienate the Islands. Should this be done and should this bill be accepted by the Filipino people we have committed an act which will mar the altruistic record of the United States and which will cause our children and our grandchildren to blush with shame.

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